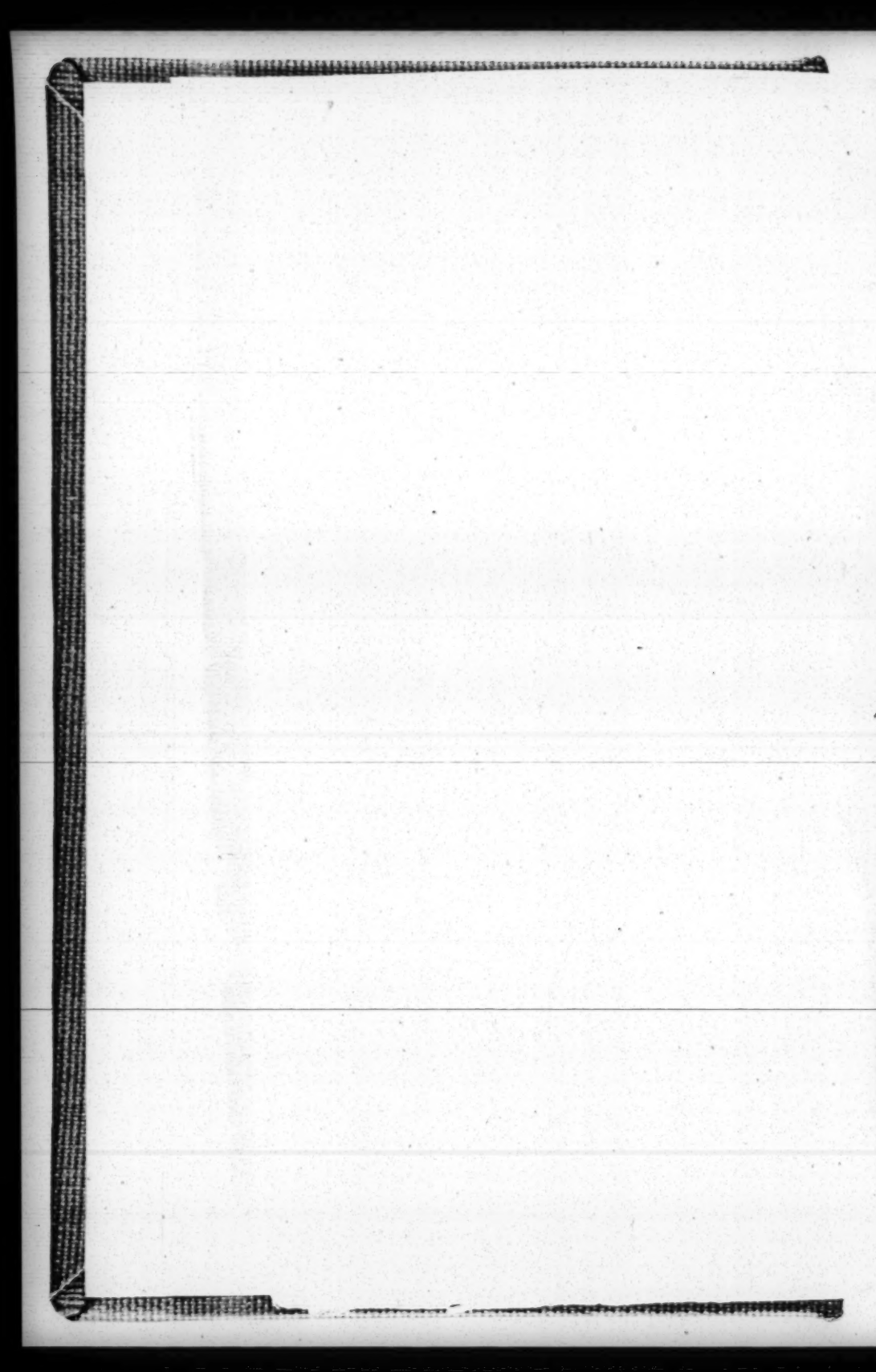

A
COLLECTION
OF
Miscellany Poems,
LETTERS, &c.

By Mr. BROWN, &c.

To which is added, A
C H A R A C T E R
OF A
LATITUDINARIAN.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Abel Roper* at the *Black Boy* in
Fleetstreet. 1699.



The Bookseller to the Reader.

MEt thinks I see the Reader under a great disappointment, to find a Book of Mr Brown's stealing into the world without the Equipage of a flaming Dedication or a Prefatory Epistle, like a painted young Whore in the Frontispiece of a Naney-House, to inveigle Customers. What? says the Reader, has all his Munificent Patrons made their Exits? has he dropt those necessary requisits of a Mercenary Pen, Impudence and Importunity? or has the fumes of a long debauch raised such Fogs about his Brains, that nothing could be pumpt from his Poets Fingers? No, Gentlemen, he is retired into the Country with some yellow and white Chips of the Tower, and now looks as much above a Book-seller, as a P--- Councillor above a Porter; and the De'el a Line can I draw from him, whilst he fancies himself Lord of India. This is an Epidemical disease among some Scribblers, who have no Wit to sell, while they have Money to spend, or can be trusted; but when they are reduced to a low ebb, they'll sneak, fawn, and cringe, like a Dog that has worry'd Sheep, and dreads the Halter. Then 'tis, kind Sir, your most obedient humble Servant, wherein, Dear Sir, does it lye in the Sphere of my Activity to serve you, and earn half a Crown to procure me Credit for a Fortnight in a Cellar in the Strand.

Now

The Book-eller to the Reader.

Now since 'tis inconsistent with my Interest, to wait any longer in expectation of a Preface, I have adventur'd 'em to run the Risque of Censure, and shift for themselves without one. Nor indeed do I apprehend any Necessity to detain the Reader in the Portal, where the inside abounds with such variety of excellent furniture, as will sufficiently delight the Ingenious contemplator; here and there are interspers'd some words bordering upon Indecency, for which I hope Mr Collier, Corrector General of the prophane and debauch'd Press, will take my Author into Chastisement, amongst the rest of the Smutty Poets, and he'll oblige my grateful acknowledgments in a Bottle of Wine and a Neats Tongue, for helping me to sell some Thousands of these Books more; but methinks I hear some say, how comes a Book-seller to write Prefaces, why not say I, for the Conversation of the Town, and keeping Company with the Wits will do much; for what would Mr D——y have done, who was bred a Scrivener, if it had not been for the Conversation of the Town; or what would become of the young Oxonians and Cantabridgeans, if they wanted Conversation; if any designed for the Gos——l, they must Troop down to supply the Country Pul——s; or for the Law, they would be only fit to carry a green Bag after a Councillor. I beg my Readers pardon, for being so prolix, but I have now done, and remain his humble Servant,

Miscellany Poems, &c.

The Contented Whore.

An Imitation of Epig. 66. in Mart. l. 12.

Formosa Phyllis nocte cum mihi tota, &c.

I.

TO Charming *Celia*'s arms I flew,
 And there all night I feasted ;
 No God such transports ever knew,
 Nor mortal ever tasted.

2.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,
 And pleas'd beyond expressing :

2

Miscellany Poems.

How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing?

3.

The whole Creation's wealth survey,
Thro both the *Indies* wander :
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs squander.

4.

The richest spoils of earth and air ;
The rifled Ocean's treasure ;
'Tis all too poor a bribe by far
To purchase so much pleasure.

5.

She blushing cry'd—My Life, my Dear,
Since *Celia* thus you fancy.
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantcy*.

Miscellany Poems.

3

Mart. Epig. 20. l. 1.

*Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia
dentes.*

1.

WHen Gammar Gurton first I knew
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd:
Come's a damn'd Cough, and whips out too,
And t'other two a second.

2.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear;
The third when e're it comes,
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll ensure your Gums.

Advice to a Vintner.

Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1.

The Hint taken from *Quid te Tucca iuvat.*

WHat Planet distracts thee, what damnable
(Star,
To dash honest *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar a Bar* ?
Why

B 2

Why shou'd innocent Claret be murder'd by Port,
 Thou'lt surely be sentenc'd in *Bacchus's* Court.
 As for us Drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown?
 Or are decently poyson'd, what loss has the Town;
 But to kill harmless Claret, that does so much good,
 Is downright effusion of Christian Blood :
 Ne'r think what I tell you is matter of laughter,
 Thou'lt be curst for't in this world, and damn'd
 for't hereafter.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.

Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus, &c.

IN some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
 Small Beer my portion, and no Wine my lot :
 To some worse Fiend in Church-Indentures
 bound,
 Than ancient *Job*, or modern *Sh-l-ck* found.
 And with more aches plagu'd, and pains, and ills,
 Than fill or *Salmon's* Works, or *Tilburgh's* Bills ;
 If 'tis not still the burden of my prayer
 The night with you, with you the day to share,
 But

Miscellany Poems.

5

But Sir (and the complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long miles there lie 'twixt me & you.
And these two miles, by help of calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my habitation.
You near Sage *Wills*, the land of Mirth & Claret,
I live stow'd up in a *White-chappel* Garret.
Oft when I've walk'd so far, your hands to kiss,
Flatter'd with thoughts of the succeeding bliss,
I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl ;
Or else stole out, some Female friend to see ;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at home for me,
Two miles I've at your service, and that's civil,
But to trudge four, and miss you, is the Devil.

B 3

Mart

Mart. Epig. 61. l. 11.

*Sit Phlogis an Chione Veneri magis apta
requiris ?*

1.

Nothing than *Chloe* e're I knew
By Nature more befriended :
Celia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more hearts attended.

2.

No Nymph alive with so much art
Receives her Shepherd's firing,
Or does such cordial drops impart.
To love when just expiring.

3.

Cold niggard Age, that does elsewhere
At one poor offering falter,
To her whole Hecatombs wou'd spare,
And pay them on her Altar.

4. But

Miscellany Poems.

7

4.

But *Chloe*, to Love's great disgrace,
In Bed nor falls, nor rises,
And too much trusting to her face,
All other Arts despises.

5.

No half form'd words, nor murmuring sighs,
Engage to fresh performing
Her breathless Lover, when he lies,
Disabled after storming.

6.

Dull as a Prelate when he prays,
Or Cowards after listing,
The fair Insensible betrays
Loves rites by not assisting.

7.

Why thus, ye powers that cause our smart,
Do ye Love's gifts dissever ;
Or why those happy Talents part,
That shou'd be joyn'd for ever.

B 4

8. For

8.

For once perform an Act of Grace,
 Implor'd with such devotion,
 And grant my *Celia* *Chloe's* face,
 Or *Chloe* *Celia's* motion.

Hor. Ode 8. l. 1.

Lydia dic per omnes, &c.

1.

Tell me, O *Lydia*, for by heavens I swear
 You shan't deny so just a prayer.

Tell me, why thus young *Damon* you destroy
 And nip the blooming virtues of the lovely Boy

2.

Why does he never throw the manly bar,
 And practice the first feats of war,
 Or gayly shining in his Martial pride,
 With a strong artful hand the foaming course
 (guide

3. Why

3.

Why does he never grasp the pond'rous sheild,
And meet his equals in the Field :
Or when the streams swell with the flowing
(Tide,
With his soft pliant arms the silver *Thames* divide,

4.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his doom, .
Like an *Alsatian* Bully still at home,
That fears to walk abroad all day,
Lest eager hungry Cits shou'd hurry him away:

Hor. Ode 11. l. 2.

Quid Bellicosus Cantaber, &c.

I.

WHat the B-lly of *France*, and our Friends
(on the *Rhine*,
With their stout Grenadiers thi Summer design,
Cease over your Coffee, and Wine, to debate :
Why the Devil shou'd you, that live this side the
(water,
Pore

Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the matter
Come, come, let alone these Arcana's of State.

2.

Alas ! while such idle discourse you maintain,
And with Politic Nonsense thus trouble your Brain
Your Youth flies away on the back of swift hours
Which no praying, no painting, no sighing restore
'Then you'll find, when old Age has discolour'd
your head,
Tho a Mistress be wanting, no rest in your Bed.

3.

Prithee do but observe how the Queen of the
night
Still varies her station, and changes her light :
Now with a full Orb she the darkness does chase
Now like Whores in the Pit, shews but half of
her face
These Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples
adorn,
Now tarnish & fade, that were fresh in the morn.

4. But

Miscellany Poems.

11

4.

But to leave off these similes, for Curate in Chamlet,
To lard a dry Sermon for grave folks in Hamlet,
While our Vigour remains, we'll our Talents im-
(prove,
Dash the pleasures of Wine with the Blessings of
(Love,
Here, carelessly here, we'll lye down in the shade
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-trees
(have made.

5.

Your Claret's too hot — Sirrah, Drawer, go bring
A cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling spring,
And now your hands in, prethee step o're the way
And fetch Madam *Tricksy*, the brisk & the gay.
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,
Two coolers I'm sure with our Wine can be no
(false Latin,

Natis

*Hor. Ode 27. l. 1.**Natis in Usum latitia Scyphis, &c.*

1.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuse the good
Creature

Believe it, my Friends, is a sin of that nature,
That were you all damn'd for a tedious long year
To nasty Mundungus, and heath'nish Small Beer,
Such as after debauches your Sparks of the Town
For a penance next morning devoutly pour down
It would not atone for so vile a Transgression,
You're a scandal to all of the drinking profession

2.

What a pox do ye bellow, & make such a pother
And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes at
(each other
Come keep the Kings Peace, leave your dam-
(ning and sinking,
And gravely return to good Christian drinking

H

Miscellany Poems.

13

He that flinches his Glass, and to drink is not able,
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the
Table.

3.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my ill nature so
(high,

I'll drink on no other condition, not I,

Unless my old friend in the corner declares

What Mistress he Courts, and whose colours he
(wears,

You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of those

That use to divulge what's spoke under the Rose.

Come, part with't ——— What she! forbid it ye
Powers,

What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours.

Why man she has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity)

With half the blue Breeches and Wigs in the City.

Go thank Mr. Parson, give him thanks with a
(curse,

Oh those damnable words For better for worse.

To

He

To regain your old freedom you vainly ended
(vour,

Your Doxy and You no Priest can dissever,
You must dance in the Circle, you must dance
in't for ever.

To Mr. Henry Purcel.

Long did darkignorance our Isle o'respread;
Our Music, and our Poetry lay dead.
But the dull malice of a barbarous Age,
Fell most severe on *David's* sacred Page.
To wound his sense, & quench his heav'n-born fire,
Three vile Translators lewdly did conspire,
In holy Doggerel, and low chiming Prose,
The King and Poet they at once depose.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous change bemoan;
And languish'd in vile Numbers, not his own:
Nor stopt his usage here :
For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,
Was mured o're and o're in the Composers'
Chimes:
What.

Miscellany Poems.

15

What praises, *Purcell*, to thy skill are due,
Who hast to *Judah's* Monarch been so true.
By thee he moves our hearts, by thee he reigns,
By thee shakes off his old inglorious Chains,
And sees new honors done to his immortal strains.
Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e're a juster, happier Son impart.
In thy performance we with wonder find
Corelli's Genius to *Bassani* joyn'd.
Sweetness combin'd with Majesty prepares
To wing Devotion with inspiring Airs.

Thus I unknown my gratitude express,
And conscious gratitude cou'd do no less ;
This Tribute from each *British* Muse is due,
The whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's scanty words have fail'd,
Thy happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And surely none but you, with equal ease,
Cou'd add to *David*, and make *Durfy* please.

. The

The Ode in *Horace* L. 4. Paraphrased.
Audivere Lyce, &c.

1.

Long have my Prayers flow heaven assail'd
 But thanks to all the powers above,
 That still revenge the cause of injur'd Love,
Lyce at last they have prevail'd.
 My vows are all with usury repaid,
 For who can Providence upbraid,
 That sees thy former crimes with hasten'd Age
 repaid.

2.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward ways dost strive
 Th' unwilling passion to revive ;
 Dost drink, and dance, and touch thy Lyre,
 (And all to set some puny Heart on fire.
 Alas in *Chloe's* Cheeks love basking lyes ;
Chloe great Beauty's fairest prize,
Chloe that charms our ears, and ravishes our eyes.

3. The

3.

The vigorous Boy flies o're the barren Plains,
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd trunks extend,

For Love, like other Gods, disdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.

He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey hairs, and wrinkled brow,
How should his youthful fires agree with hoary
Ages snow?

4.

In vain, with wondrous art, and mighty care,
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair ;
No far-fetcht Silks one minute can restore,
That time has added to the endless score.

And precious Stones, thone're so bright,
They shine with their own native light,
Will but disgrace thee now, and but inhance
thy night.

5.

Ah me ! where's now that Mien ! that Face
 That Shape ! that Air ! that every Grace !
 That Colour ! whose enchanting Red
 Me to Love's tents a Captive led.

Strange turn of Fate ! that she

Who from my self so oft has stoln poor me,

Now by the just revenge of Time, stoln from
 herself should be.

6.

Time was when *Lyce's* powerful face

To *Phyllis* only gave the place ;

Perfect in all the little tricks of love,

That charm the sense, and the quick fancy move

But fate to *Phyllis* a long reign deny'd.

She fell in all her blooming Beauty's pride,

She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd
 as she dy'd.

7. Thou,

7.

Thou, like some old Commander in disgrace,
Surviving the past Conquests of thy face,
Now the great business of thy life is done,
Reviewst with grief the Trophies thou hast won.
Damn'd to be patch'd with lust, tho chill'd
with Age,
And tho past action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to see that glaring light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End with a stink at last, and vanish into night.

The x. Ode in *Horace* L. 3. Paraphrased.
Extremum Tanaim si biberes Lyce, &c.

I Ho you, my *Lyce*, in some Northern flood
Had chill'd the current of your blood :
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms
In some *Tartarian* Husband's icy arms,

C 2

Were

Were yet one spark of pity left behind
 To form the least impression on your mind,
 Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,
 Sure drop some pity from your Eye,
 To see your Lover prostrate on the ground,
 With gloomy night, and black despair encom-
 pass'd all around.

2.

Hark ! how the threatning Tempests rise,
 And with loud clamors fill the Skies :
 Hark ! how the tott ring buildings shake,
 Hark ! how the Trees a doleful Confort make.
 And see ! oh see ! how all below
 The earth lyes cover'd deep in Snow.
 The Romans clad in white, did thus the *Fasces* woe,
 And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*,
 sues for you

3.

Come, lay these foolish niceties aside,
 And to soft passion sacrifice your pride ;

Let

Miscellany Poems.

21

Let not the precious hours with fruitless questions dye,
But let new scenes of pleasure crown them as they fly.

Slight not the flames which your own charms infuse,

And no kind friendly minute lose,
While Youth & Beauty give you leave to chuse.
As men by acts of Charity below
Or purchase the next world, or think they do:
So you in Youth a Lover shou'd engage,
To make a sure retreat for your declining Age.

4.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good *Grecian* Spinsteress was of old;
She, while her Sot his youthful prime bestow'd
To fight a Cuckolds Wars abroad,
Held out a longer Siege than *Troy*,
Against the warm attacks of proffer'd joy,

C 3

And

Let

And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,
At the expence of ten years lyes and perjury.
Like that old fashion'd Dame ne're bilk your
own delight,
But what you've lost i'th' day, get, get it in the
night.

5.

Oh! then if prayers can no acceptance find,
Nor vows, nor offerings bend your mind;
If all these pow'rful motives fail,
Yet let your Husbands injuries prevail;
He, by some Play-house Jilt misled,
Elsewhere bestows the tribute of your Bed;
Let me his forfeited Embraces share,
Let me your mighty wrongs repair.
Thus Kings by their own Rebels powers betray'd,
To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign aid.

6. Love,

6.

Love, let Platonics promise what they will,
Must, like Devotion, be encourag'd still ;
Must meet with equal wishes and desires,
Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires ;

And I, for all that boasted flame
We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,

Am of too frail a make I fear,
Shou'd you continue still severe,
To brave the double hardships of your fate,
And bear the coldness of the nights, and rigor
of your hate.

The xxvi. Ode in *Hor. L. 3. Paraphras'd.*

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, &c.

I.

Tis true, while active Blood my veins did fire,
And vigorous Youth gay thoughts inspire,
(By your leave, Courteous Reader, be it said)
I could have don't as well as most men did ;

But now I am (the more's the pity)
The veriest fumbler in the City.

2.

There, honest Harp, that hast of late
So often bore thy sinful Masters fate,
Thou a crack'd side, and he a broken pate.
Hang up, and peaceful rest enjoy,
Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmusical, unstrung like thee, sit mourning by.

3.

And likewise all ye trusty bars,
With whose assistance heretofore,
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
I've batter'd, heaven forgive me, many a door?
Lye there till some more able hand
Shall you to your old pious use command.

4.

But, oh kind *Phæbus*, lend a pitying ear
To thy old Servant's humble prayer,

Let

Let scornful *Chloe* thy resentments feel,
Lash her all o're with rods of Steel;
And when the Jilt shall of her smart complain,
This 'tis, then tell her, to disdain
Thy sacred power, and scorn a Lover's pain.

The xv. Ode in *Horace* Lib. 3. Imitated.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci, &c.

I.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,
Leave trading off, and sin no more,
For shame in your old Age turn Nun,
As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

2.

Why shouldst thou still frequent the sport,
The Balls, and revels of the Court?
Or why at glittering Masks appear,
Only to fill the Triumphs of the Fair?

3. To

3.

To *Ghent* or *Brussels* strait adjourn,
The lewdness of your former life to mourn,
There brawny Priests in plenty you may hire,
If whip, and wholesom Sackcloth cannot quench
(the fire,

4.

Your Daughter's for the business made,
To her in Conscience quit your Trade.
Thus, when his conquering days were done,
Victorious *Charles* resign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

5.

Alas! ne're thrum your long disus'd Guittar,
Nor with Pulvilio's scent your hair,
But in some lonely Cell abide,
With Rosary and Plalter dangling at your side.

The Epigram in *Martial* L. Imitated.

*Quæris sollicitus diu, rogasq;
Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magistro, &c.*

When e're I meet you, still you cry,
What shall I do with *Bob*, my Boy.

Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,

We're send the Lad to *Pauls* or *Eaton*.

The Muses let him not confide in,

But leave those Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden*.

If, with damn'd Rimes he racks his wits,

Send him to *Mewis* or *St. Kit's*.

Would you with wealth his Pockets store well,

Teach him to pimp, or hold a door well.

If he has a head not worth a Stiver,

Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver.

In obitum Tho. Shadwell pinguis memoria.
1693.

1.

CONDITUR hæc tumulo *Bavius*, gravis esse
memento

Terra duo *Bavio*, nam fuit ille tibi.

2.

Tam cito miraris *Bavii* foetere cadaver ?
Non erat in toto corpore mica salis.

3.

Mors uni *Bavio* lucrum : nam jugera *Vates*,
Qui vivens habuit nulla, sepultus habet.

4.

Porrigitur novus hic *Tityus* per jugera septem,
Nec quæ tondebit viscera , deerit *Avis*.

5.

Dicite (nam bene vos nostis) gens *Critica*, *vates*
An fuerit *Bavius* pejor, an historicus.

6. Mi-

6.

Militiam ficco *Wilhelmus* Marte peregit.

O Clemens Cæsar ! consulis historico.

7.

Tom writ, but the Reader still slept o're his Book,
For he carefully writ the same Opium he took.

An *Impromptu* to *Shadwell's* Memory,
by Dr. B-----

And must our glorious Laureat then depart,
Heav'n if it please may take his loyal heart,
As for the rest sweet Devil fetch a Cart.

In *Decretum Parlamenti* 1689.
De non adulterandis Vinis.

Crimen adulterii vetuerunt Biblia frustra.
Jam quid ages Caupo? Parliamenta vetant.

In-

Inscriptions design'd for the Dyal over
the Fountain in the new Square at *Lin-*
colns-lnn.

1.

UT referat gratam mercedem quælibet hora,
Munificum laudet quælibet hora Deum.

2.

Unde fluit lapsu, quid stas ignave, perenni,
Carpe Viator iter, sic tibi vita fluit.

3.

Hæc Legum domus est, colit hanc Themis aurca
(sedem,

Hospite nec Domus est dignior ulla Dea.

An Epigram under the Picture of a Beau.

THis vain gay thing sets up for man,
But see what Fate attends him,
The powd'ring Barber first began,
The Barber Surgeon ends him.

The

The Song of Go *Perjur'd Man*, set admirably to Music by Dr. Blow. Translated into *Latin*.

I To execrandis perfide passibus,
Vagumq; retro si tuleris pedem
Visurus extremat pudendæ
Reliquias inimicus urnæ,
Si quando risu turbidus improbo
Recte monentem temnere pulverem.
Proclivis, ornamenta quæres
Famineæ fugitiva formæ
Forte & piarum munera virginum
Flores profanâ difficis manu :
Huic Sexui, Eheu! quam fugacis
Imperii monumentum & Omen.
Utar protervi vindiciis Noti,
Vocabo & Euros, tu cineris brevi
Ultoris insurgente nube,
Perpetuam patiére noctem.

To a Lady that would not grant the last
favours under cheaper terms than
Matrimony.

Out of French.

Like our great Father *Adam* fain wou'd I,
The Paradice you drive me from, enjoy.
But *Celia*, you too hard conditions make,
The flaming Sword of Marriage drives me back.

Avis fur a Mariage.

THe Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, she always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his carcass,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a
(hard case
Even at our own weapons the Females defeat us'
And death, only death, can sign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell ye sad stories of liberty lost,
How our mirth is all pall'd, & our pleasure all crost

This

This Pagan confinement, this damnable station,
Suits no order, nor age, nor degree in the nation.

The Levite it keeps from Parochial duty,
For who can at once mind Religion & Beauty?
The rich it alarms with expences and trouble,
And a poor Beast you know can scarce carry
(double.

'Twas invented, they'll tell you, to keep us
(from falling,

Oh the virtue and grace of a shrill catterwauling.
But in pales in your Game. Ah but how do you
(know, Sir,

How often your Neighbour breaks up your in-
closure.

For this is the principal comfort of Marriage,
You must eat, tho a hundred have spit in your
Porrage.

If it might you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodshed
next morning.

Crys the Bone of your side, thanks dear Mr. Horner,
This comes of your sinning with Crape in a corner.
D Then

Then to make up the breach, all your strength
you must rally,

And labour, and sweat like a Slave at the Galley.

Yet still you must charge, oh blessed condition!

Tho you know, to your cost, you've no more
Ammunition.

Till at last my dear mortify'd Tool of a man,

You're not able to make a poor flash in the pan.

Fire, Female, and Flood begin with a Letter,
And the world's for them all not a farthing the
better.

Your Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you may
humble,

If into the Flood store of Water you tumble;

But to cool the damn'd heat of your Wife's Ti-
tillation,

You may use half the Engines, and Pumps in the
Nation,

But may piss out as well the last Conflagration.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you my thoughts of the
matter,

Judge you as you please, but I scorn to flatter.

The

The Fable of the Bat and the Birds.
In Imitation of that of the *Buzzard* in
the *Hind and Panther*. in the year 1689.

IN ancient times, as learned *Æsop* shows,
'Twixt Birds and Beasts a fatal War arose.
But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,
Or to some Church pretence its birth did owe,
Or depredations made, concerns us not to know.
Weighty, you may be sure, the cause was thought,
Which such an universal tumult wrought.
Picqueering parties first began the fray,
A sad presage of the ensuing day.
At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,
The hour of fighting set, and both the Leaders
nam'd.

The foolish Bat, a Bird obscene and base,
The scorn and jest of all the feather'd race ;
Or by fantastic fears, and scruples led,
Or by ambition mov'd, his party fled,

Joyn'd with the Beasts, and eager to engage,
With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble rage.

As fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated day,
The Beasts drew out their forces in array :
The different kinds their grudges laid aside,
And for the common safety now provide.
Ev'n their old piques, and warm disputes forgot,
The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the spot ;
And by one mutual league of friendship held,
Prepare for the rough business of the field.

When lo ! the Birds in numerous bands appear
And with repeated crys attack the Rear ;
Give a fierce charge, and back like *Parthians* fly
To repossess their patrimonial Sky :
Then strait descending, with redoubled might,
They spend their fury, and renew the fight.
Pale Victory, all trembling and dismay'd,
With doubtful Wings the purple Scene survey'd.

At last, propitious to her feather'd kind,
 Declar'd her favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
 Whole Hecatombs the cover'd field possess,
 And gave their foes at once a Triumph and a Feast.
 Their slaughter'd Young the *Rachel* Dams deplor'd,
 And many a Widdow'd Cow mourn'd o're her
 Horned Lord.

The generous Eagle (so his Stars ordain)
 Chafes th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain:
 Their General gone, the rest like Lightning fly
 A cheap unfighting herd, not worth the Victory
 And now the Birds with eager haste pursue,
 Thro lanes and devious tracks, the scatter'd crew
 Among the rest, beset with dangers round,
 The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found:
 'Tis pity fame ne're Chronicled his taker,
 But all Records agree, they found him near
 Long-acre.

Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,
 Where the full house sat talking of the War.

D

Strait

Strait at the sight, a various noise began,
Which thro the spacious Hall, and neighb'ring
Lobby ran.

Each Member in the publick mirth concurr'd,
And droll'd upon the poor Apostatizing Bird.

First Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his throat,

Next Cuckow *Rimer* always in a note ;

And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy kind ;

But his Poetic Feet disgrac'd the train behind.

And *Creech*, and *Norris*, Blackbirds of renown ;

And Corm'rant *Higden*, for devouring known.

Nay, to augment the hardship of his woes,

Owl *Durfy* clapt his wings, and hooted in the close

When now their Raillery began to spare,

(And faith'twas too too much for one Bird to bear)

The Eagle order'd silence in the room,

And thus aloud pronounc'd the shiv'ring Lub-
ber's doom.

Beast of a Bird, thus to desert thy friends,

And joyn the common Foe, for base ungenerous
ends ;
What

Miscellany Poems.

38

What punishment can suit so black a crime?
Hear then, and stand accurst to all succeeding time
From all our Diets be thou first expell'd,
Or those in flowry Groves, or those on Steeples held,
When our gay Tribes in youthful pomp appear,
To joyn in Nuptial bands, & meet the smiling year.
Nay more, to make thee mortifie and grieve,
To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy places give.
Him we appoint Historian of our State,
And Poet Laureat of the Woods create.
Outlaw'd our Realms, and banish'd from the light,
Be thou for ever damn'd to steal abroad by night.

Antenor's Speech in the Second Æneid,
applied to the Declaration for Liberty
of Conscience. In the year 1687.

Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.

YOU dull Dissenters, what vain folly blinds
Your senses thus, and captivates your minds?

Think you this proffer'd Liberty is free
From Tricks, and Snares, and Papal Treachery?
Think you 'twas meant according to the Letter?
Oh that such plodding heads shou'd know the
Pope no better.

Trust me, this kindness either was design'd
T' inflame our quarrels, and our weakness find.
Or else the breach was open'd at a venture,
That at one hole both Cowl & Cloak might enter.
Pray Heav'n there be no farther mischief meant,
But I'm afraid there's *Roman* Opium in't.
Be't what it will, the gilded Pill suspect,
And with a smiling scorn your profferd fate reject;
A Papist, tho ungiving, means you evil,
But when he scatters gifts and mercies, he's the
Devil.

A Satyr upon an Ignorant Quack that
murder'd a Friends Child, and occa-
sion'd the Mother upon the news of
it to Miscarry.

THo'twas thy luck to cheat the fatal Tree,
Thanks to the partial herd that quitted thee;

And, to the lasting scandal of our times,

Thou'rt still reserv'd to act anew thy crimes,

Think not to 'scape the justice of my Rimes.

Th' impartial Muse, in pointed stabbing Verse,

Shall all thy several Villanies rehearse :

With wreaths of Henbane she'll adorn thy Head,

She'll hunt thee living, & she'll plague thee dead.

Base fordid Monster ! Mercenary Slave !

Thou Church-yard Pimp, & Pandar to the Grave,

Death's busie Factor, Son of Desolation,

Thy Country's curse, and grievance of the Nation.

Thou motly lump of ignorance and pride,

A In all the scoundrel arts of killing try'd ;

How

How shall I tell thy guilt, or how begin
To lash a Villain cruſted o're with ſin ?
Sure in ſome Powder-mill that hot-brain'd Sot
Thy Father, in the Dog-days thee begot :
And ſome She-Bear, in horrid Woods alone,
Suckled thee young, and nurſt thee for her own
Hence thy ſowr brutal temper firſt began,
The Beaſt was thinly plated with the Man :
No beams of ſoftning pity touch thy breaſt,
Too vile a Cell to harbour ſuch a Gueſt.
Oh hadſt thou liv'd in that curſt Tyrant's reign,
By whoſe command the Innocents were ſlain,
Herod might then have ſav'd his men the pains,
At *Bethlem* to knock out the Children's brains.
Thy Pills alone the fatal work had done,
And ſoon diſpatcht them every Mother's Son,
Why with our laws vain Voiumes do we fill,
If ſuch as thou have privilege to kill ?

Mean, lowly Felons, for less Crimes by far
 Have oft receiv'd their sentence at the Bar :
 I'th' face of day thou robb'st us of our health,
 And yet art never question'd for the stealth.
 Sure some dire Planet all thy steps pursues,
 Name *All-kill*, and a sickness strait ensues.
 Thro thy destroying skill Diseases reign,
 Nor did a Blacksmith teach thee first in vain;
 Not Sword, nor Plague, nor Famine ravage more,
 Thou kill'st, and Fate has hardly time to score.
 Death, tho unfought, waits on thy murdering Quill;
 Attends each Dose, and lurks in every Pill.
 With little pains, and very little bribing,
 Whole Nations might be kill'd by thy prescribing.
 But know, dull Sot, the dreadful hour's at hand,
 When before awful Justice thou must stand.
 The Muse her ancient freedom does assume,
 Then tremble, while she thus proclaims thy doom.

For

For *Grubstreet* Doggrel furnish out a Tale,
And be the jest of Midwives o're their Ale :
For scalded heads most learnedly advise,
And in the case of Kibes, seems monstrous wise.
Be ne're consulted 'bove a Boil, or Blister,
And to my Lady's Lap-dog give a Glister.
If thou hast a mind to pick up nasty pence,
Set up for Farrier in thy own defence.
Cure Hogs of Measles, visit labouring Swine,
And order Doses for thy Neighbours Kine.
Reign over Beasts, from *Barsheba* to *Dan*,
But never, never meddle more with Man.
May none seek help from thy damn'd remedies
But senceless Brutes that health & fame despise.
But Sots, on whom each canting fool imposes,
And Carted Bawds, & Strumpets without Nose
Be the most scorn'd Jack-pudding in the pack,
And turn Toad-eater to some foreign Quack.

Gout, Pox, and Stone, with all attending ills,
 Thou hast so often threatned in thy Bills,
 Thee, with fresh rage incessantly devour,
 And leave their pointed darts in every pore.
 Let them with force united make thee smart,
 And own thy self a Blockhead in thy Art,
 From these insulting Tyrants find no quarter,
 But to thy own Prescriptions fall a Martyr.
 On thy vile self the baleful potions try,
 Then damn old *Galen*, and by piecemeal dye.
 But let no Fever, (for I'll once be kind)
 Or Pestilence to thee admision find :
 Those generous Foes too soon conclude their rage,
 I'd have thee tortur'd for at least an age.
 May all that malice, fruitful to torment,
 All that revenge of Priesthood can invent;
 All that on earth despairing Wretches fear,
 Light on thy head, and kindly center there.

Mark'd

Markd with heaven's stamp, like *Adam's* mur-
(dring Son,

Thro the whole Globe, a branded Villain run,
And all Mankind the raving Monster shun.

Despis'd, abandon'd, rove from Pole to Pole,
Thy carcass jaded by thy restless soul.

Where-e're thou goest, a Mother's curses meet,
Pale Nurses thee with execrations greet,

And wrinkled Witches when they truck with hell
Invoke thy Name, and use it for a Spell.

Blaspheming leave the world, and never know,
The least remitting interval from woe.

Dire Conscience all thy guilty dreams, affright
With the most solemn horrors of the night,

The screams of Infants ever fill thy Ears,
And injur'd heav'n be deaf to all thy Vows and
(Prayers

Thus I have eas'd in part my wrathful spleen,
Nor canst thou say the Muse has been too keen.

Wha

What-e're the fiercest Satyr can inspire,
 Falls vastly short of what thy Crimes require.
 What punishment can too severe be thought
 For thee, by whom such num'rous ills are wrought?
 The living sent to an untimely Tomb,
 And unborn Infants murder'd in the Womb.
 For seiz'd with grief that by thy fatal aid,
 Her much-wrong'd Child was of its life betray'd,
 The expiring Parent, whom scarce art could save,
 Paid an untimely Tribute to the Grave.
 To what degree do Quacks like thee, annoy,
 Who can ev'n life, before it comes, destroy?

An Inscription upon a Tobacco-Box.

By Dr. Sp —

Cum tetris Pandoram armarent fata venenis,
 Fatali erupit pyxide dira lues.
 Jam faciles secura dederunt munera Divi,
 Una fuit pestis pyxididis, una salus.

An

An Imitation of it in *Englisb.*

WHen with rank poyson Heaven equipt
Pandora

She ope'd the Box like a Confounded Whorea,
 And of Diseases strait flew out a score a.

But now since *Jove*, like a good-natur'd Brother,
 Gives us the *Indian* weed to funk and smother,
 One Box has made atonement for another.

Upon Burning some Anti-Monarchical
 Books to the Memory of King *Charles*
 the First, in the year 1691.

CArole gentis honos, fate Carole sanguine
Divum

Qui major magnis annunieraris Avis,
 Relligio accepit, quo principe, nostra coronam,
 Quo vivente decus, quo moriente fidem.

Hæc damus ultrici damnata volumina flammæ,
 Manibus inferias, sancte Monarcha, tuis,

Seu tulerint Batavæ funesta venena paludes,
Seu dederit sævam Scotia dira luem.
Sic semper pereat, quæcunq; laceffere Chærtæ
Vel Reges aufa est, vel tetigisse Deos.

To Mr. D----- upon his most incompara-
ble Ballads, call'd by him Lyric Odes.

I.

THOU Cur, half *French*, half *English* Breed,
Thou Mungril of *Parnassus*,
To think tall lines run up to feed
Shou'd ever tamely pass us.

2.

Thou write Pindarics, and be damn'd,
Write Epigrams for Cutlers ;
None with thy Lyrics can be sham'd
But Chambermaids and Butlers.

3.

In t'other World expect dry blows,
No tears can wipe thy stains out ;

E

Horace

Horace will pluck thee by the Nose,
And *Pindar* beat thy brains out.

To Mr. *Higden*, upon the ill success of
his Play.

NO longer your expected Play conceal,
But to a more impartial Court appeal.
The righteous few, true to the cause of Wit,
Will soon reverse the Sentence of the Pit.
Why shou'd their censure men of sense alarm?
Those Sons of *Muggleton* can do no harm.
The Wit, that oft their hasty Malice dooms,
Outlives its Judges, nay, outlasts their Tombs.
Thus 'twas my fate to visit once a Friend,
Whom dire fore-boding Omens did attend :
The Doctor tells him, Sir, your hour is nigh,
Send for the Parson, and prepare to dye.
In vain the help of Physic you implore,
As has been try'd, but Art can do no more.

With

With this the angry Patient rais'd his head.
 And Doctor, do you then conclude me dead ?
 Peace, you grave Sot, elsewhere your Cant bestow,
 I'll bury half the College e're I go.
 And spite of that learn'd Phyz, & reverend Beard,
 Will live to see your Rascalship interr'd.
 Thus he ran on, and as his Stars decreed,
 Was soon from his unkind distemper freed ;
 Left his vain gaping Kindred in the lurch,
 And saw the Velvet Fop born decently to Church.
 To the same upon his Play's being
 damn'd, for having too much eating
 and drinking in it.

Friend *Harry*, some furious pretenders to
 (thinking,
 Say thy Play is encumbred with eating & drinking
 That too oft in all Conscience thy Tables brought
 (out,
 And unmerciful healths fly like Hail-shot about.

Such a merry objection who e're could expect
That does on the Town, & its pleasures reflect?
Are a dish & a bottle grown quite out of fashion?
Or have the spruce Beaux found a new recreation?
Else why shou'd these Fops be so monstrous un-
(civil,
As to damn at a Play, what they like at the *Devil*.

Upon persecuting it with Cat-calls.

When to *Molock* of old, by way of oblation
Any Jew of his Son made a wicked do-
nation.

The Priesthood with Trumpets and Drums made a noise

To stifle his groans , and extinguish his cries.

Thus our fierce modern Heroes, those Jews of
(the pit,

When to damn a poor Authors atttempt they
(think fit,

With Cat-calls so dreadful the house they alarm,
Left the wit of the Play shou'd their fury disarm,

How-

Howe'er they may pass with the rest of the nation,
Tho' their malice I blame, I commend their
discretion.

For 'tis but convenient you'll readily own,
That the Beast shou'd perform, what the Man
wou'd disown.

The extravagant Lover, out of *French*.
1684.

I.

HOW quickly are Love's pleasures gone !
How soon are all its mighty Triumphs done !

In vain alas ! do we the Banquet taste,
Whose sweets are swift as thought are past.

In vain do we renew the fight,
Whom ev'n the first alarms do basely put to flight.

2.

Happy great *Jove* ! who in *Alcmene's* arms,
For three full nights enjoy'd Love's charms,

E 3

Na-

Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to obey,
And pimping darkness shut out day,
Whilst in vast joys the half-spent God did sweat,
Joys as his lightning fierce, & as his Godhead great.

3.

Bravely the Game begun ! Oh had it mounted
(higher,
Fed still with vigorous thought, & fresh desire.
Were I but *Jove*, my boundless reign should prove
But one continu'd Scene of Love.
In extasies would I dissolving lye,
As long as all the mighty round of vast eternity.

A Translation of *Teucer Salamina, Patremq;
Cum fugeret, &c.* Hor. Ode vii. lib. i.

I.

Brave *Tencher*, (as the Poets tell us)
When from his native Clime he fled,
With Poplar wreaths crown'd his triumphant head
And thus he cheer'd his drooping fellows.

2. When

2.

Where e're the Fates shall shew us land,
(Remote and distant tho it be)
We'll shape our course at their command,
And boldly fix as they decree.

3.

Let no wild fears your hopes betray,
Let no despair your Courage pall,
When Heav'n so loudly does to honour call,
And fearless *Tencer* leads the way.

4.

Phæbus foretold (and he of all the powers
Commands the mystic Books of fate)
That fresh success shou'd on our actions wait,
And a new *Salamis* be ours.

5.

Then drink away this puling sorrow,
Let Wine each dastard thought subdue,
Let Wine your fainting hopes renew,
We'll leave the drowfie Land, and plough the
Main to morrow.

Ode ix. Lib. i. in *Horace* imitated.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, &c.

Written in the year, 1685.

To Sir *John Bowyer*.

I.

Since the Hills all around us do penance in Snow,
And Winters cold blasts have benumm'd us
below ;

Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the same
speed

As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm that can't
read,

Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, Groves on
the fire,

They shall be our Sobriety's funeral pyre.

2.

Never wast the dull time in impertinent thinking,

But urge & pursue the great business of drinking;

Come pierce your old Hogheads, ne'r stint us
in Sherry,

This this is the season to drink and be merry :

Then

Then reviv'd by our Liquor, and Billets together,
We'll out-roar the loud storms, and defy the
cold weather.

3.

Damn your Gadbury, Partridge & Salmon together
What a puling discourse have we here of the
weather.

Nay, no more of that business, but, Friend, as
you love us,

Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.

Your Orchards and Groves will be shatter'd no
more,

If, to hush the rough winds, they forbid them
to roar,

4.

Send a Bumper about, and cease this debate

Of the tricks of the Court, & designs of the State.

Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to pot,

Ne'r trouble your Brains, let 'em take their own lot,

Thank the Gods you can safely sit under your Vine,

And enjoy your old friends, and drink off your
own Wine.

5. While

5.

While your Appetite's strong, and good humor
remains,

And active fresh blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the fleet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your Friend have the day, and your Mistress
the night.

In the dark you may try whether *Phyllis* is kind,
The night for Intreaguing was ever design'd.

6.

Tho she runs from your arms, & retires in the shade
Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy Maid,
All trembling you'll find the modest poor sinner,
'Tis a venial trespass in a beginner :

But remember this counsel, when once you have
met her,

Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something
that's better

An' Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. 1.

Scriberis vario fortis, & hostium --- In
the year, 1685. after the defeat of the
Rebels in the West.

1.

W *Aller*, in never-dying Verse,
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearse ;
His lofty Muse for Panegyric fam'd,
May sing the Rebel-herd your valour tam'd.
And all the mighty Blessings shew
Great *James*, and We to your wise conduct owe.

2.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her strings,
To lower numbers, lower things ;
And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuse,
The labour of a more exalted Muse.
Had she endeavour'd to relate
Great *Alexander's* deeds, or *Troy's* unhappy fate,
Or all the wonders that by *Drake* were done,
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with
the Sun,
As

As long a space had the vain labour held,
 As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* force repell'd
 As long had she the tiresom work renew'd,
 As mighty *Drake* thro unknown Seas his won-
 drous Course pursu'd

3.

The humble Muse too well her weakness knows,
 Nor on her feeble self, dares the high Task impose
 Tho had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,
 No other Theme had all her Thoughts employ'd
 'Tis hence she modestly declines to sing,
 The immortal Triumphs of our war-like King
 Left her unequal slender vein
 Shou'd lessen the great Actions of his glorious
 reign

4.

Who can with all his boasted fancy raise,
 To its just height Heroic *Arthurs* praise,
 Or worthily recount the Trophies won

By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?

But

But oh what Muse of all the Tribe below
Can mighty *Mars* in equal uumbers show,
Horrid in steel, and moving from afar,
With all the solemn pageantry of War,
Tho the rough God shou'd his own Bard inspire,
And join the Martial heat to the Poetic fire.

5
Harmless Combats, harmless Wars,
Slender Scratches, petty Jars,
Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,
Amongst our amorous Couples move,
Employ my time, employ my muse,
All all other subjects I refuse.

Prologue spoken before the University
of Oxford, 1685.

WHen Greece o'rewhelm'd in the wide De-
luge lay,
And all the Land was one continu'd Sea,
The Muses Hill secure and lofty stood,
Above the vain attempts of the insulting flood.
There

There good Deucalion first saluted Land,
Put in his Boat, and touch'd the happy Strand
So when wild Faction all our Land alarm'd,
Our Land by the prevailing Jugglers charm'd
When pregnant with dire seeds the Clouds did rime
Presaging Civil Tempests in our Skies.
Here Godlike Charles did a safe harbour win,
Here laugh'd at all the threats of daring sin,
And shunn'd the popular Deluge as it came
 rowing in
With you no perjur'd Bog-trotters were found
With Meal-tub Plots, & Armies under-ground
Rogues, that wou'd damn themselves for half
 a Crown
Rogues, that for one poor draught of middling
 Beer
Wou'd hang a Parish, and for Tripe a Shire.
Tis true, some few you had, but Traytors come
Here to receive, not to deserve their doom.

So Paradiſe the Serpent gain'd at firſt,
Enter'd the bleſt Abodes, but ſtrait he was accuſt.

This is your happineſs :

But we are ſtill alarm'd with ſenſeleſs noiſe,
Guildhall Elections, and leud frantick crys.
Tir'd with dull Managers of duller Plots,
And free-born Slaves, and *Magna-Charta* Sots.

Oh wou'd the Town a pattern take from you,
Whom the worſt times ſtill found to *Cæſar* true,
Discords wou'd ceaſe, ill-natur'd jars retire,
And every Muſe in *Charles's* praiſe conſpire.
Peace with her Train wou'd guard our Halcyon
ſhore,

And *Britain* envy *Saturn's* Age no more.

EPILOGUE.

Not with more grief the Whiggish herd beheld
Their Plots diſcover'd, their Intrigues-re-
veal'd,

And all their Godly Villanies run down;
Than now we feel, to leave your happy Town.
Now

Now must our Tribe, since we depart from you
 Shake hands with Learning, and bid Wit adieu:
 With doggrel Rimes the stupid rout appease,
 And murder *English* perfectly to please.
 So some to get an Alms a lameness feign,
 And by pretended halting pity gain.

When to some Town our strowling Troops repair
 Leave's to be granted by the worthy Mayor:
 He with his numerous Train first takes his seat,
 Below his Scarlet Brethren fill the Pit.
 Then ev'n our Women must less gay appear,
 Leave Painting off, lest they should seem more fair
 Than the pale Daughter of the Reverend Mayor.
 If we in acting, as our part requires,
 Swear by the Gods, and all the heavenly fires,
 The Sot pricks up a wondrous pair of ears,
 'My zeal no longer such profaneness bears,
 Twelvence for every Oath your Hero swears,

Wit here, triumphant, bears an ample sway,
 And the bright Metal shines without allay ;
 Nothing is here condemn'd for being good,
 Nor talk we Nonsense to be understood.
 But tho your Learning the whole Isle inspires,
 Your Townsmen warm not by the neighbring fires,
 Born in the happy place, where Wit does rule,
 They keep their natural right of being dull.
 So the rude Nations, where with greatest light
 The reveal'd Truth was first expos'd to fight,
 By no rewards, no miracles reclaim'd,
 Wou'd ev'n in spight of Providence be damn'd.
 Howe're our Courtiers do their fate dispose,
 Dullness the *Charter* is they'll never lose.

F

An

An Imitation of a *French Ode*, in the ingenious *Monfieur St. Evremond's Works. Tome 2.*

I.

WELL, whate're fins by turns have sway'd me,
 Ambition never rul'd my heart ;
 Its lewd pretences ne're betray'd me
 In public Ills to act a part.
 Let others, fame and wealth pursuing,
 Despise a man but safe retreat,
 I'll ne're contrive my own undoing,
 Nor stoop so low as to be great.

2.

The faithless *Court*, the pensive *Change*,
 What solid pleasures can they give ?
 Oh let me in the *Country* range !
 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live.

Miscellany Poems.

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3.

The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Vallies, murmuring Fountains,
Lambs in flowry Pastures bleating,
Eccho our complaints repeating.
Bees with busy sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle sleep inviting.
Whisp'ring winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in rustic circles sporting ;
Birds in cheerful notes expressing
Natures bounty, and their blessing.
These afford a lasting pleasure,
Without guilt, and without measure.

To a Gentleman that cut off his hair,
and set up for a Spark in his old Age.
Out of *Martial*. Epig. 43. lib. 3. *Mentiris*
Juvenem, &c.

3. The **T**hou that not many months ago
Wast white as Swan, or driven Snow,
F 2 Now

Now blacker far than *Æsop's* Crow,
Thanks to thy Wig, set't up for Beau.

Faith *Harry*, thou'rt in the wrong box,
Old Age these vain endeavours mocks,
And time that knows thou'lt hoary locks,
Will pluck thy Mask off with a pox.

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Translated. Beginning at *Dignum laude Virum*.

I.

FROM dark oblivion, and the silent grave,
Th indulgent Muse does the brave Hero save
'Tis she forbids his name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, & sticks it in the Sky.

2.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move,
To the Eternal Palaces above :
Not all his twelve exploits advanc'd him to the sphere,
But 'twas the Poet's pain and labour brought him there
3. Thus

3.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did rise,
From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies,
Tho Heav'n by turns they do obtain,
Yet in immortal Verse, the Brothers jointly reign.

4.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain pretence,
Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence :
He with his powerful juice first taught the Muse
to fly,
And she in kind requital gave him immortality.

Henrico Higden Arm.

Cum infelicititer ipsi Comedia cesserit.

1693.

Quod inquieta voce, risu, sibilis,
Salesq; comptos & innoxios jocos,
Superba *Bruti* turba sic exceperit.
Quod purpuratus Infans, & vecors E ques,

F 3.

Sum.

Summoq; Meretrix in subsellio sedens,
 Totusq; delicatulum circulus,
 In te, tuumq; conjuraverint opus.
 Nolito in iras irritas erumpere,
 Damnare Musas, increpare Apollinem,
 Cælosq; votis improbis laceßere.
 Quin, Drama tandem luce donans publica,
 Invisis orbem, quin timoris infcius,
 Vanas Maligniorum despicias minas?
 Abunde damnum sic refarcies prius,
 Famæq; consules; Lector dabit libens
 Quod improbus spectator abnegaverat.

On the Treatment of the Modern
 Drama. By Mr Kn--of Magd. Coll.

Once Bear and Champion did engage
 In mortal fray on *Roman* Stage :
 Our Moderns have reviv'd the matter,
 The former Age renew'd in latter,
 And made Bear-garden of Theatre.

Here

Here Beau, the only Modish Brute,
With honest Authors does dispute :
And as on *Roman* Stage predicted,
Fell wound on Champion was inflicted,
When stout *Bruino* kept his station,
Invoking Brother Constellation
To assist him in the disputation :
To curry poor Heroic hide well,
And harrow carcass, back and side well ;
But tho he got a bloody rump on't,
His Honour still came off Triumphant.
So tho the Pit Grimalkins, that maul
With wicked Serenade of Catcall,
Oft rout a poor Dramatic Hero,
(As *Teague* was once by *lero, lero.*)
A well-writ Play, like *Russians* treat,
Confound the Scene, and Plot defeat,
In spite of all the *Dammee* Chorus,
Th' immortal Wit is still victorious.

I then, in person of an Author,
Since good Dramatics have no growth here,
Like pious Felons doom'd to be
Made Pendulum for Gallow-tree;
That gives advice, lest sinful Mortal,
Like him his days in Hemp should curtail,
Advise you all to leave off Writing,
The mortal sin of well enditing.
But if no counsel can be used
By riming wretch when once be-mused,
(For Crown and Bum there's such a curse in,
They're ne're at ease, but when untrussing)
Since wholsom Salt of Author season'd,
To taste of Nation is unpleasant,
(When busie Noddle's next in labour,
And has a need to purge on Paper)
Invoke the bastard race of *Phæbus*,
Skill'd in Acrostic, Pun, and Rebus,

With

With spirit of late *Marriage-hater*,
T' assist to make Lampoon on Nature,
And ev'n on Farce itself a Satyr ;
For that alone gives titillation,
And saves poor Poet from damnation.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras.* In
Mart. l. ii. Ep. 105. By Capt. *Ht----*

Sweet Spouse, you must presently troop and
be gone,

Or fairly submit to your betters,
Unless for the faults that are past, you atone,
I must knock off my Conjugal-Fetters.

2.

When at night I am paying the tribute of Love,
You know well enough what's my meaning,
You scorn to assist my devotion, or move,
As if all the while you were dreaming.

3.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have seen
A Porter more passion expressing,

Than

Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous scene,
And the heighth of the amorous blessing.

4.

Then say I to my self, is my Wife made of Stone,
Or does the old Serpent possess her ;
Better motion and vigor by far might be shown
By dull Spouse of a *German* Professor ?

5.

So *Kate* take advice, and reform in good time,
And while I'm performing my duty
Come in for your Club, and repent of the crime
Of paying all scores with your Beauty.

6.

All day thou mayst cant, and look grave as a Nun
And run after *Burgefs* the furly ;
Or see that the Family business be done,
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

7. But

7.

But when you're in Bed with your Master & King,
That tales out of School ne'r does trumpet,
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like
a Ring,
In short, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

An Imitation of the 14th Epode in *Hor*.

I.

ASk me no longer dear Sir *John*,
Why your Lampoon lies still undone,
'Fore *George* my Brain's grown addle,
Nor bid me *Pegasus* bestride,
Why should you ask a Sot to ride,
That cannot keep his saddle.

2.

This was the poor *Anacreon's* case,
When doting on a smooth chin'd face
He pin'd away his carcass.

To

To tune his strings the Bard essay'd.
 The Devil a string the Bard obey'd,
 And was not this a hard case?

3.

If you a constant Miss have got,
 Thank heaven devoutly for your lot,
 Such blessings are not common.
 While I, condemn'd to endless pain,
 Must tamely drag *Belinda's* chain
 Yet know she's worse than — Woman.

A translation of Ode xxii. lib. i.
Vitas Hinnuleo.

1.

WHy flies *Belinda* from my arms,
 Or shuns my kind embrace,
 Why does she hide her blooming charms,
 And where I come forsake the place.

2.

Like some poor Fawn whom every breath
 Of air does so surprize,

In the least wind he fancies death
And pants at each approaching noise.

3.

Alas ! I never meant thee ill,
Nor seek I to devour thee,
VVhy shouldst thou then with coldness kill
The dying slave that does adore thee.

4.

Leave, leave thy Mothers arms for shame,
Nor fondly hang about her,
Thou'rt now of age to play the game,
And ease a Lover's pain without her.

A Translation of Ode iii. L. 1. in *Horace*
Sic te Diva potens, &c.
Address'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. B--
going into *Turky*.

I.

SO may the Beauteous Goddess of the Main
Appease the horrors of the Deep,
And

And *Æolus* lock all his blustering train,
But the auspicious Western Gales asleep.

2.

And thou, kind Vessel, which before this day
So great a charge could'st never boast,
With care my dearer, better part convey,
And land him safely on the *Thracian Coast*.

3.

His fearless heart immur'd with triple Brass
The daring Mortal surely wore,
Who first the faithless Main durst pass,
And in a treacherous Bark new Worlds explore.

4.

What scenes of Death cou'd shake his Soul
That unconcern'd saw the wild Billows rise,
And scaly Monsters on the surface rowl,
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies.

5. In

5.

In vain wise Heav'ns indulgent care
Lands from the spacious Ocean did divide,
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
To plow the deep, and brave the swelling Tide.

6.

But Man, that busie reasoning Tool,
Cheap happiness disdainsto chuse,
Sick of his ease, the restless fool,
At his own cost forbidden paths pursues.

7.

From the refulgent Orb of day
A glitt'ring Spark the rash *Prometheus* stole,
And fondly stamp't into a Soul,
T'inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

8.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,

Their

Their old infernal Mansions left,
And thro the sickning air their baleful poysons
bore.

9.

Then Death, that lately travell'd slow,
Content with single Victims, where he came,
Made haste, and eager of his Game,
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious blow.

10.

To what fantastic heights does Man aspire,
Doom'd to dull Earth, the Sot wou'd clamber
higher;
Heav'n he invades with impudent pretence,
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own defence.

A

An Imitation of an Epigram 44. in *Mart.*
lib. iii.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

That Cousins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,
Nay, thy own Sister can't sit nigh thee ;
That all men thy acquaintance shun,
And into holes and corners run,
Like *Irish* Beau from *English* Dun :
The reason's plain, and if thou'dst know it,
Thou'rt a most damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff sower, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alsatia* fear'd,
Since the stern Parliament of late
Has stript of ancient rights their State :
Not Tygers, when their Whelps are missing ;
Nor Serpents in the Sun-shine hissing ;
Nor Snake in tail that carries rattle ;
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,

Is half so dreaded by the throng

As thy vile persecuting Tongue.

If e're the restless Clack that's in it

Gives thy Head leave to think a minute,

Think what a pittance we must bear

Thy damn'd impertinence to hear.

Whether I stand, or run, or sit,

Thou still art i'th' repeating fit :

Weary'd I seek a nap to take,

But thy curst Muse keeps me awake.

At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,

Thy louder pipe is still a going.

Nor Park, nor Bagno's from thee free,

All places are alike to thee.

Learn Wisdom once, at a Friend's instance,

From the two Fellows at *St. Dunstan's*,

Make not each man thou meet'st a Martyr,

But strike like them but once a quarter.

SONG, By Mr. GL---

1.

P*hyllis* has a gentle heart,
Willing to the Lovers courting,
Wanton nature, all the Art
To direct her in her sporting.
In th' embrace, the look, the kiss,
All is real inclination;
No false raptures in the bliss,
No feign'd sighings in the passion.

2.

But oh! who the Charms can speak,
Who the thousand ways of toying,
When she does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying?
Who the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to her blisses,
Who the Eyes that swim in love,
Or the Lips that suck in kisses?

G 2

3. Oh

Oh the freaks ! when mad she grows,
 Raves all wild with the possessing,
 Oh the silent Trance ! which shows
 The delight above expressing.
 Every way she does engage,
 Idly talking, speechless lying,
 She transports me with the rage,
 And she kills me in her dying.

On Dr. *Lower*, who was observed to be
 grown good-natur'd a little before
 his Death. By another hand.

HAd not good humour o're the ill prevail'd,
 Death in attempting Dr. *Lower* had fail'd;
 For he, alas, good man, in health declin'd,
 By changing the bad manners of his mind :
 And 's very Understanding got a Cough,
 By leaving an old habit too soon off.

For had he kept his humour most austere,
He might have yet liv'd with us many a year,
Preserv'd in his own pickle, Vinegar :
But when the *Alkali* had kill'd the sower,
His blood being sweeten'd, off troop't Dr. *Lower*.

Verses put into a Lady's Prayer-book.

Supposed to be written by the late Earl
of *Rochester*.

I.

FLing this uselefs Book away,
And presume no more to pray ;
Heaven is just, and can bestow

Mercy on none but those that mercy show,
With a proud heart, maliciously inclin'd,
Not to increase, but to subdue mankind ;
In vain you vex the Gods with your Petition,
Without repentance, and sincere contrition,
You're in a Reprobate condition.

2.

Phyllis, to calm the angry powers,
 And save my Soul as well as yours,
 Relieve poor Mortals from despair,
 And justify the Gods that made you fair.
 And in those bright and charming Eyes
 Let pity first appear, then love,
 That we by easie steps may move
 Thro all the joys on earth to those above,

The Fable of the Horse and the Stag.
 By Mr. S----

I.

THe Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horse
 The privilege of the Common,
 Till starv'd, for want of equal force,
 He begg'd assistance from Man.

2.

For why? resolv'd at any rate
 To get his share of Pasture;

He

Miscellany Poents.

87

He rather chose to champ the Bit,
Than leave the Stag sole master.

3.

With Man astride he march'd to fight,
A foe that durst not face him,
For he with strangeness of the sight
Was frighted from his grazing.

4.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag
He got by this adventure,
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

A Translation of *Lesbia mi, dicit semper male.* Out of *Catullus*.

1.

E Ach moment of the long-liv'd day
Lesbia for me does backwards pray,
And rails at me sincerely ;

Yet I dare pawn my life, my eyes,

G 4

My

My soul, and all that Mortals prize,
That *Lesbia* loves me dearly.

2.

Why shou'd you thus conclude, you'll say,
Faith 'tis my own beloved way,
And thus I hourly prove her ;
Yet let me all those curses share
That heav'n can give, or man can bear,
If I don't strangely love her,

On one *Becker*, a Parson of *Amsterdam*,
who in a Book entitled, *The World Bewitch'd*,
pretends to prove there is but
one Devil.

PLures O Beckere negas dum Dæmonas esse,
Contra te gens est imperiosa tua.

Thus in *English*.

More Devils than one why does the Sot deny?
All *Holland* gives his argument the lye.

The

The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine.

In answer to

The Argument against a Standing Army.

1.

I Sgrim with hunger prest, one day
As through the Woods he posted,
A Porcupine found on the way,
And in these terms accosted.

2.

Our Wars are ended, heav'n be prais'd,
Then let's sit down and prattle
Of Towns invested, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battle.

3.

The Plains a pleasing prospect yield,
No fire, nor desolation ;
While plenty reigns in every field,
And Trade restores the Nation.

4. Yet

4.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho none seeks to harm ye,
In time of Peace about you bear
Methinks a Standing Army.

5.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
The War's at length decided,
But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you
'Tis good to be provided.

6.

Censorious Fame shall never say
That too much Faith betray'd me;
Who thinks of me to make a prey,
Must at his cost invade me.

7.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr,
The Sharpers that wou'd me beguile,
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

The Fable of *Apollo* and *Daphne*.

I.

A Pollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Discover'd his flame in a passionate tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a curse,
He was ready to take her for better, for worse
Then he talk'd of his smart,
And the hole in his heart,
So large, one might drive thro the passage a Cart.
But the silly coy Maid, to the Gods great amaze-
ment,
Sprung away from his arms, and leapt thro the
Casement,

2.

He following cry'd out, my Life and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear,
You think me perhaps some Scoundrel, or
Whoreson,
Alas, I've no wicked designs on your person.

I'm

I'm a God by my trade,
 Young, plump, and well-made,
 Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
 But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

3.

I'm the Chief of Phyſicians, & none of the College
 Muſt be mention'd with me for experience and
 knowledge:

Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its name I can call,
 And do more than the beſt Seventh Son of 'em all.

VVith my Powders and Pills,

I cure all the illſ,

That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the
 Bills

But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

4.

Befides I'm a Poet, Child, into the bargain,
 And top all the Writers of fam'd *Convent-garden*.
 I'm

I'm the prop of the Stage, and the pattern of Wit,
I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit.

I'm at *Wills* all the day,

And each night at the Play ;

And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled
her speed,

And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

7.

Now had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)

In the language of *Lumbardstreet* told her his mind,

Look Lady what here is, 'tis plenty of Money,

Odsbobs I must swinge thee, my joy & my honey.

I sit next the Chair,

And shall shortly be Mayor,

Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare.

Tho as wrinkled as *Priam*, deform'd as the Devil,

The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been
civil.

Labie.

Labienus's Speech in Lucan's Pharsalia.

Translated by Mr. Dennis.

FULL of the Godhead in his Breast inshrind,
 He in these words explains his mighty mind;
 Words which oraculous *Jove* might dictate to
 mankind.

And what should I of these vain Priests inquire,
 If I shou'd rather thus in Arms expire,
 With these high thoughts, & this unconquer'd fire,
 Than live ingloriously to hail a King,
 And my great Soul to vile Subjection bring?
 What should I ask, if nothing be in Death,
 And nothing in this idle vapour, Breath?
 If the Good only be supremely great,
 Of Fortune independant, and of Fate?
 If the brave Patriot's glorious in distress,
 And Tyrants despicable in success?
 If in magnanimous attempts to fail
 Merits renown, as much as to prevail.

This shou'd I ask? all this I know, I feel:

And how shou'd *Hammon* inborn truths reveal?

Why shou'd the Powers their sacred Wills ex-
plain,

Since all we do, say, think, those Powers ordain,

Our wills are link'd to theirs by Fate's eternal Chain.

God wants not men his meaning to convey, but

But in one breath said all that he can say ;

In that informing breath that kindled up our Clay.

Nor wou'd he build in barren Sands his feat,

That he to Fools ill Verfes might repeat,

And hide eternal truths in this obscure retreat.

To Jove what certain seat can be assign'd?

Where can the World's great Ruler be confin'd?

This Universal Frame's the seat of that Eternal Mind.

Why shou'd we seek him in this mystic Grove,

Where-ever eye can reach, where-ever thought
can rove,

Sub-

This

Substance and space is all unbounded *Jove*.
 Let those who live in doubt (a foolish state)
 Consult these mighty Confidents of fate,
 Her irreversible decrees my constancy create.
 Alike the Coward and the Brave must fall,
 This mighty *Jove* has once declar'd for all,
 And these inspiring sounds to *Roman* actions call.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, [Lib. 3]
 Translated by Mr. P-----

Cotile Bellus homo es, &c.

OH *Jemmy* you're a Beau, not I alone
 Say this, but 'tis the talk of all the Town
 Prithce be free, and to thy friend impart
 What is a Beau——Ay Sir, with all my heart
 He's one who nicely curls and combs his hair,
 And visits *Sedgwick* monthly all the year:
 Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them as along
 Flanting he walks thro the admiring throng.

All the day long sits with the charming fair,
And whispers pretty stories in their ear.
Writes *Billets doux*, shuns all men as he goes,
Lest their unhallow'd touch shou'd dawb his
cloaths.

He knows your Mistress. Nay, at every Feast
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Guest.
Is this a Beau? Faith *Jemmy* I'll be plain,
A Beau's a Bawble, destitute of Brain.

To an old affected Court Lady.

By a person of Honour.

I.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay?
Why this Embroidery, Fringe and Lace?
Such Ornaments expose decay;
Cannot *Dukelly* find a way
To shade the ruins of thy face?

H

a. Wilt

2.

Wilt thou still ogle in the Box,
And glitter in the ring ?

Hast thou forget thy age, and pox ?

Can all the spoils of Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing ?

3.

So have I seen in Larder dark,
Of Pork a rotten Loyn,

Adorn'd with many a heatless spark,
As grave Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

To *Belinda*. Upon her Marrying one
that was Blind and Lame.

By a person of Honour.

I.

B *Elinda's* sparkling Wit and Eyes
United, dart so fierce a light,

As quickly flashes, quickly dyes,
Wounds not the heart, but hurts the sight.

2.

Love is all gentleness and joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your face.

3.

Proud with the spoils of Royal Cully,
With vain pretence to sense and parts,
She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the temper of mens hearts.

4.

Her Bed is like the Gospel-feast,
Where the invited never came ;
So, disappointed of her Guest,
She takes up with the Blind and Lame.

5.

Tho she's as sparkling, and as fine
 As Jests, and Gems, and Paint can make her,
 She ne're can wound a heart like mine,
 So Devil, and Sir D— take her.

To his Cruel Mistress. Out of *French*.

1.

TIs then decreed, and now I find
 I'm for a Sacrifice design'd ;

Since my imperious Fair denies

Rest to my Soul, and flumber to my Eyes.

2.

Got ake a Kiss, Love whispers in my ear;

But love, alas! gives way to fear.

Awful respect the aspiring flame commands,

Tyes up my tongue, and binds my hands.

3.

Ah! must your bleeding Lover dye,

And see his balm, and see his cure so nigh?

Or fierce, and eager of the bliss,
Shall he presume to seize a balmy Kiss.

4.

No—he'll ten thousand deaths endure,
And all the rigours of his fate attend,
E're he'll by Sacrilege attempt his cure,
And his dear *Bellamette* offend.

An Ode upon a Kiss. Out of *French*.

I.

NAy, now ambitious thoughts farewell,
I pity Kings in all their state,
While thus in *Lesbia's* arms I dwell,
And mighty Love does on my Triumphs wait.

2.

Thus let me languishing expire,
Incircled in her snowy arms,
Till she revives me with her charms,
And pours into my breast a nobler fire.

H 3

3. Thus,

3.

Thus let me sigh my Soul away,
 And revel in immortal bliss,
 Thus let me spend th' auspicious day,
 And crown each smiling moment with a Kiss.

4.

Adonis ne're was half so blest,
 Nor half the pleasure shar'd, as I:
 Tho Love's bright Goddess him carest,
 And in her arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

5.

Nor *Jove* himself such transports knew,
 When *Danae's* charms the captive God did hold,
 Tho he, the pleasure to pursue,
 Mortgag'd his poor Almightyship to Gold.

6.

A thousand Loves in solemn state
 On those two rosie lips reside,
 While busie I, with eager pride,
 Sip all their sweets, and bless my happy fate.

7. Now

7.

Now on her glowing Breasts I range,
Now kiss her Cheeks, and now her Eyes ;
The pleasure's heighten'd by the change,
And fills me with unruly joys.

8.

But ah ! my Beauteous Nymph beware
How you encrease my store,
For else your pamper'd Slave may dare,
Drunk as he is with joy, to press for something
more.

9.

For say, fond Lovers, what you will
To deifie a Kiss,
Tis but a pledge, or Prologue still,
To the succeeding Acts of Bliss.

A Sapphic Ode in the *Valesiana*.

DUlcius quam fit putat esse mollis
Virgo quod nescit, fitis inde magna
Cognitæ nondum Veneris puellas
Torquet adultas.
At recordantur Viduæ peractas
Cum viris noctes, fitis inde major
Cognitæ dudum Veneris priores
Suscitat ignes.
Virgini ignosci, Viduæne malis ?
Illa quod nescit cupit experiri
Hæc quod experta est, avet : inde Virgo
Æquius ardet.

A Translation.

*Principio, Cælum, & Terras, Titaniaq; astra
Spiritus intus alit, totumq; infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem-----*

I'll sing how God, the world'salmighty Mind,
Throall infus'd, and to that All confin'd ;
Directs the parts, and with an equal hand
Supports the whole, enjoying his command :
How all agree, and how the parts have made
Strict Leagues, subsisting by each others aid.
How all by Reason move, because one Soul
Lives in the parts, diffusing thro the whole.

For did not all the friendly parts conspire
To make one whole, and keep the Frame entire;
And did not Reason guide, and Sence controul
The vast stupendious Machine of the whole ;
Earth wou'd not keep its place, theSkies woud fall,
And universal stiffness deaden all.

Stars

Stars wou'd not whirl their round, nor day
 nor night
 Their course perform, but stop their usual flight.
 Rains wou'd not feed the Fields, and Earth deny
 Mists to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky.
 Seas wou'd not fill the Springs, nor Springs return
 Their grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn.
 Nor wou'd the All, unless contriv'd by Art,
 So justly be proportion'd in each part;
 That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed
 Our wants. nor are too scanty for our need.
 Thus stands the Frame, and the Almighty Soul
 Thro all diffus'd, so turns, and guides the whole,
 That nothing from its settled station swerves,
 And Motion alters not the Frame, but still pre-
 serves,

This God, or Reason, which the Orbs does move,
 Makes things below depend on signs above :
 Tho far remov'd, tho hid in shades of night,
 And scarce to be descry'd by their own light.
 Yet

Yet Nations own, and men their influence feel,
They rule the public, and the private will :
The proofs are plain. Thus from a different Star
We find a fruitful, or a barren year ;
Now grains increase, and now refuse to grow,
Now quickly ripen, now their growth is slow.
The Moon commands the Seas; she drives the Main
To pass the Shores, then drives it back again.
And this Sedition chiefly swells the streams,
When opposite she views her Brother's beams ;
Or when she near in close Conjunction rides,
She rears the Flouds, and swells the flowing Tides;
Or when attending on the yearly race,
The Equinoſial ſees her borrow'd face.

Her power ſinks deep, it ſearches all the Main, }
Teſtaceous fiſh, as ſhe her light regains, }
Increase, and ſtill diminifh in her wane. }
For as the Moon in deepeſt darkneſs mourns,
Then rays receives, & points her borrow'd horns,

Then

Then turns her face, and with a smile invites
The full effusions of her Brother's Lights,
They to her Changes due proportions keep,
And show her various Phases in the deep.

So Brutes, whom Nature did in sport create,
Ignorant of themselves, and of their fate,
A secret instinct still erects their Eyes
To parent Heav'n, and seems to make them wise.
One at the New Moon's rise to distant shores
Retires, his body sprinkles, and adores.
Some see storms gathering, or serenes foretel,
And scarce our Reason guides us half so well.

Then who can doubt that Man, the glorious
Pride

Of all, is nearer to the Stars ally'd?
Nature in Mans capacious Soul has wrought,
And given them Voice expressive of their thought.
In Man the God descends, and joys to find
The narrow Image of his greater mind.

But why should all the other Arts be shown ?

Too various for productions of our own.

Why shou'd I sing how different tempers fall,

And inequality is seen in all ?

How many strive with equal care to gain

The highest prize, and yet how few obtain ?

Which proves not Matter sways, but Wisdom rules

And measures out the bigness of our Souls.

Sure Fate stands fixt, nor can its Laws decay,

'Tis Heaven's to rule, and Matter's essence to obey.

Who cou'd know Heaven, unless that Heav'n
bestow'd

The knowledge ? or find God, but part of God ?

How cou'd the space Immense be e're confin'd

Within the compass of a narrow mind ?

How cou'd the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,

Their motions adverse, and eternal wars,

Unless kind Nature in our Breasts had wrought

Proportion'd Souls, be subject to our thought ?

Were

Were Heaven not aiding to advance our mind,
 To know Fate's Laws, and teach the way to find;
 Did not the Skies their kindred Souls improve,
 Direct, and lead them thro the Maze above,
 Discover Nature, shew its secret springs,
 And tell the sacred intercourse of things.
 How impious were our search, how bold our
 course,

Thus to assault, and take the Skies by force.

A most convincing Reason's drawn from Sense,
 That this vast Frame is mov'd by Providence,
 Which like the Soul does every whirl advance,
 It must be God, nor was it made by chance,
 As *Epicurus* dreamt: He madly thought
 This beauteous Frame of heedless Atoms wrought
 That Seas and Earth, the Stars and spacious Air,
 Which forms new Worlds, or does the old re-
 pair,

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111

First rose from these, and still supply'd remain,
And all must be, when Chance shall break the Chain
Dissolv'd to these wild Principles again.

Absurd and Nonsense ! Atheist use thine Eyes,
And having view'd the order of the Skies,
Think, if thou canst, that Matter blindly hur'd,
Without a Guide, shou'd frame this wondrous World.

But did Chance make, and Chance still rule the
whole,

Why do the Signs in constant order rowl ?
Observe set times to shut and open day ?
Nor meet, nor jussle, and mistake their way ?
Perform their Course, as if by Laws confin'd,
None hasten on, and leave the rest behind.
Why every day does the discovering flame
Show the same World, and leave it still the same ?
And ev'n at night, when time in secret flies,
And veils himself in shades from human Eyes,
Can by the signs Men know how fast he fled,
And in the Skies the hasty Minutes read ?

Why

Why shou'd I count how oft the Earth has mourn'd
The Sun's retreat, and smil'd when he return'd ?
How oft he does his various course divide
Twixt Winter's Nakedness, and Summer's Pride ?
All Mortal things must change. The fruitful Plain,
As seasons turn, scarce knows herself again ;
Such various forms she bears : Large Empires too
Put off their former face, and take a new :
Yet safe the world, and free from change does last,
No years encrease it, and no years can waste.
Its course it urges on, and keeps its frame,
And still will be, because 'twas still the same.
It stands secure from time's devouring Rage,
For 'tis a *God* that guides, nor can it change with
Age

Miscellaneous Letters.

L E T T E R I.

A Letter to the Duke of *Buckingham*, by
the famous Monsieur *St. Evremont*.
Oeuvres Melees, Tome Sec. p. 51.

Done into *English*.

My Lord,

AN humble Servant of yours here in Town,
Monsieur *Borne* by name, is so fully satis-
fied of the reality of your Reformation, that
he expresses himself in these terms to all that
have the honour to know you.

I dare venture my own Salvation upon the
same bottom with that of the Duke of *Bucking-*
ham, so firmly do I believe the sincerity of his
Conversion.

Conversion, says Mr. *Waller* to him, have a
care what you say : People don't use to be con-
verted

verted now adays so easily. This new reformation you talk of in the D. of *Buckingham* is owing neither to you, nor me, nor yet to any man living.

'Tis a new Friend of his, but one that has been dead, the Lord knows how many hundred years ago, that has very lately brought about this miraculous change that so surprizes us.

I mean *Petronius Arbiter*, the most delicate man of his age, for Poetry, Painting, and Music. One that perpetually studied and pursued pleasure, one that turn'd the day into night, and the night into the day, but at the same time so absolute a Master of himself, that whenever his affairs requir'd it, he was one of the most regular men in the Universe.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, who has long ago resembled him in a thousand other qualities, was resolv'd of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I have shewn you, Monsieur *Borne*, from whence proceeds this alteration in his Grace's Life, which you it seems have mistaken for a Conversion.

But with both these Gentlemens leave, I shall account for it after another manner.

'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no man of a nice palat can love vice, when once it ceases to be agreeable, so for my part I don't wonder that a person of so refin'd and delicate a taste, as your Grace, takes up with the virtue of Continnence in the North, where you have no
objects

objects to tempt and disturb you. But I dare engage that if we had you here in Town, and showed you some of our topping Beauties, that have charms enough to conquer the most insensible, we shou'd soon find the new Convert of Monsieur *Borne*, and Mr. *Waller's* new *Petro-nius*, to be nothing in the World, but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I should ever be so wickedly given as to dissuade your Grace from so comfortable a quarter as Love. But I have another Sin to propose to you, which of your self you wou'd never guess, and yet I recommend it sincerely to you, and from the bottom of my heart. I confess it has a Scurvy name, and the World calls it *Covetousness*, however it would be of more advantage to your Grace, than the Wisdom of Philosophers, and the glory of Conquerors. To be short, I should rather chuse to see your Grace copy any of the Heroes in *Lumbardstreet*, than either *Socrates* or *Cesar*. Where the difficulty is great, the merit of surmounting it is great. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find it infinitely more troublesome to you to imitate the former, than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the sudden arrive to the height of perfection, I am not so vain as to expect you should practise all the rules of Oeconomy at first sight, nor so morose as to advise

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you to deny your self every thing, amongst so great an affluence as surrounds you. All I begg of your Grace is, that you would have a watchful eye upon your City friends, that have the ~~fingering of your Money~~, to keep them honest in spite of themselves. For unless out of tenderness to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare swear for them that they would venture damnation a hundred times a day, and all in your Graces service.

And now if you think it worth your while, when you come next to *London*, to bring a small retinue with you, but a great deal of money in your pocket, you will certainly be the wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this advice, the greater part of the World will never be for you, and you must content yourself with a few admirers in private, of whom I shall always be the first, who am

Your most Humble Servant.

LET

LETTER II.

A Letter to the Dutchess of -----

By the same hand.

I Have presumed, Madam, to send you some advice, tho I am sensible how little you Ladies care to receive any. But let the effect be what it will, I am too much in the interest of your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, should you be so ill-advised as to set off, and adorn your self after the fashion of the Court Ladies on the Queens Birthday. Let others of your Sex make use of ornaments : for, properly speaking, they are but so many artificial helps, which we employ to cover the defects of nature, or ~~else to give us some~~ agreements that are wanting in our persons. But Heaven be praised, Madam, you lye under no such necessity. Every ornament that is bestowed upon you, hides a charm, as every ornament that is taken from you, restores you some new graces, and you are never so lovely, as when we behold nothing in you, but your self.

The greatest part of the Ladies lose themselves very advantageously under their dress. How many indifferent faces pass well enough with Jewels and Diamonds, and Conquer hearts by Candle-light, that would make a very sorry figure without them. The richest Necklace in the World would have an ill effect upon you. It would make some alteration in your person, and every alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, would certainly be for the worse.

Leave others then to ruin themselves by their Jewels and other Decorations; nature that has been at so vast an expence to frame you, has saved you that charge. You, Madam, would be very ingrateful, and we should discover but a wretched taste, should we not be equally content, with that profusion of gifts she has heaped upon you.

I would counsel you, Madam, to take the same measures on her Majesties Birth day, which the famous *Bussi d' Amboise* formerly observed at a Tournament. Being informed before-hand that all the Noblemen of the Court designed to put themselves to an extraordinary expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he ordered those of his retinue to be dressed like Lords, and appeared himself in the plainest dress in the World at the head of so rich a train. The advantages of nature were so conspicuous in the person of *Bussi*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, that relied so much upon the
the

the magnificence of their habits, past but for Valets.

Govern your self, I beseech you Madam, by the Example of *Enfi*: Let your Women be attired like Dutchesies, but as for your self appear in the ordinary dress of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the charms of your Beauty to recommend you: All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the plainness of your habit will not hinder you from out-shining all the Queens in the Universe.

I have no great inclination to tell stories, which perhaps is nothing but the effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expressing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have seen. The profession of a Story-teller sits but awkwardly upon young People, and is downright weakness in old men. When our wit is not arrived to its due vigor, or when it begins to decline, we then take a pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great expence of thought. However, I will for once renounce the pleasure, which I generally take in my own imagination, to recount to you a short adventure, which I once saw happen at the *Hague*.

During my residence in that place, some malicious *Demon*, put it one day into the head of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which

noble design in execution, they both resolved that their dress should have all the magnificence which this part of the World was able to give it, and at the same time discover the goodness of their invention.

The Count, who was one of the nicest men of his age, had a thousand singularities to distinguish him. He had a Plume of Feathers in his Hat, which was buttoned up by a Diamond, the largest that cou'd be found, for this occasion. He wore about his Neck some *Point de Venise*, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band. 'Twas a small Ruff, which had serv'd him formerly instead of a *Golille* when he liv'd at *Madrid*. After this, Madam, you wou'd expect to find him in a Doublet, after the *Spanish* manner, but, to your surprize, I must tell you it was an *Hungarian* Vest. Then the Ghost of Antiquity haunted his memory, so he cover'd his ankles with Buskins, but infinitely richer than the ancient *Romans* us'd to wear them: on which he had order'd his Mistresses name to be written in Letters that were extremely well design'd, upon an embroidery of Pearls.

From his Hat down to his Vest, 'twas all singular, and odd and fanciful. By the latter you wou'd have taken him for the Count *de Serini*, or some Beau of Quality dropt out of the *Hungarian* world; and an old Picture of *Cæsar* or *Scipio* had inspir'd him with the noble thought of wearing Buskins.

As

As for his friend, he had apparell'd himself after as extraordinary a manner as he possibly could, but it was in the modern *French way*. His Cravat reached down to his middle, and had stuff enough in it to make a sail for a Barge. A most prodigious Cravat-string peep'd from under his Chin, the two corners of which, in conjunction with a monstrous Perriwig, that would have made a *Laplander* sweat under the Northern Pole, eclipsed three quarters of his face. In short, he was so be-ribbon'd all over, that one would have thought all the Milleners in the place, had joyned their Stocks to furnish him.

This, in short, was the equipage of our *Messieurs*, when they made their appearance in the *Voorhout*, which is the place where persons of Quality use to take the air, and divert themselves.

They were scarce enter'd upon the spot, when multitudes ran from all hands to gaze and stare at them; and as every body was surprized at so fantastic a scene, they could not tell at first whether to admire it as extraordinary, or to ridicule it as extravagant. In this uncertainty of thought, as they were going to determine it one way or another, Monsieur de *Louvigni* arrived in the place, and put a stop to their grave Contemplation. He wore a plain black suit, and clean linnen made up the rest, but then he showed one of the finest shapes, and most agreeable

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able face that can be imagin'd. His modest deportment silently insinuated the merits of all his excellent qualities. Having thus described his charms to you, 'tis no difficult matter to guess how the Company receiv'd him. The Ladies were touch'd, and the Men were infinitely pleas'd. In short, Madam, all the Spectators were as much affected, as the poor Count and his Friends were mortified, to their great disappointment.

People still remember at the *Hague* how triumphantly Monsieur de *Louvigni* came off, and still make sport with telling the ill success of the two aforesaid Gentlemen.

I need not give my self the trouble, Madam, to make a formal Application of this story to you, who have a judgment so exquisitely nice and discerning. Let my advice meet with what entertainment it will, none of your subjects pray so heartily for your long and happy reign over us, as

Madam,

Your most humble Servant, &c

LET.

LETTER III.

To Madam -----

By the same hand.

AS nothing is so honourable as an ancient friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old passion. Undeceive your self, Madam, of the false merit of being faithful, and take it for a certain truth, that constancy is the only thing in the World, that can bring the reputation of your Beauty in question. Who knows whether you resolved to love but one person, or whether it was your unhappiness to find but one single Lover. Malicious people will be apt to fancy the latter.

You vainly imagine that you practise a virtue, while alas you make us suspect you have defects which we don't perceive. In the mean time consider how many inquietudes accompany this pretended virtue, and what a vast difference there is between the disgusts that an old engagement gives us, and the pleasant conflicts of a growing passion.

In

In a new Amour we pass every hour of the day with new satisfaction. 'Tis an unexpressible pleasure to find that our love grows upon us every minute; but in a passion of an old standing, our time is spent very uneasily, in still loving less, or not loving at all.

We may live well enough with persons that are indifferent to us; either common civility, or good manners, or the consideration that they may sometimes be serviceable to us, may reconcile us to it. But how miserably do we pass our lives with them whom we love, when we find that we are not beloved again.

I have only four words more to say to you, and I will be so free with you as to desire you to make some reflection upon them. If you continue still to place your affection upon that, which ought to displease you, 'tis a sign you have none of the best tastes: and if you have not resolution enough to quit that which makes you uneasy, 'tis a downright weakness: you ought to put it into your Lottery, and pray to be delivered from it.

LET

LETTER IV.

Out of the Reflections of Monsieur *Villiers*, p. 149.

To his much esteem'd friend,
Monsieur -----

I Remember, that the last time I had the honor of your conversation, we happened to talk of several persons that made a great ostentation of their piety, and passed for Saints in the places where they lived, who as we had just occasion to suspect, by their over-acting the Farce, were downright Cheats, if truly examined. I was going to confirm this with a story, that lately fell within my own observation; but happen'd to be interrupted by the coming in of fresh company, which put a stop to the discourse. However, as it is worth your knowing, I have given myself the trouble to send you a full account of it in this Letter.

About a month ago I had occasion to travel into the Country with two Ladies, one of them a young

young Marchioness, descended of one of the noblest Families in the Kingdom; the other a Lawyers Widow, about fifty years old, who took the same title upon her, tho' the meanness of her extraction, and her Husbands employment, that was none of the most honourable, might have secur'd her, one would have thought, from so ridiculous a temptation. But being left very rich, her own Vanity, and the complaisance of her Friends had made her a Marchioness, and this was the title she receiv'd on all occasions, and at last challeng'd as her due.

I had but little acquaintance with either of them, but I was engaged in this journey by a friend whose commands I cou'd not well disobey, and who knew both these Ladies perfectly well.

We were going to the Government of the young Marchioness's Husband, where she was expected, and preparations were made on the Road for her reception; the old Marchioness travelling only as her Companion, however she had her share of all the Honours and Civilities that were paid to the other. At the first City where we arrived, as soon as we had alighted out of the Coach, the young Marchioness was invited to a very pleasant walk without the Town, and it being Summer time, she embraced the motion: but the old Lady taking an air of authority upon her, said it would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there. The young Marchioness told her, she might

might go thither if she pleased, while she took a walk. This answer cruelly nettled the Widow, but she dissembled the matter as well as she cou'd, and taking the next way to the Church, she desired me to bear her company thither. Altho' this fit of Devotion seem'd somewhat unseasonable to me, yet good manners wou'd not suffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the way had the satisfaction to hear her vent her godly spleen very plentifully at the young Marchioness; she told me a hundred reproachful stories of her, nay, she did not forbear to censure even her conduct. This language continu'd till she came into the Church-porch. I admir'd with my self how it was possible for so zealous a Sermon-hunter to be so damnably censorious.

All the while she was at Church she made up her mouth as demurely as the best of the Congregation; as soon as it was over, she re-assumed the old argument, and rail'd on, as fast as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, till we came to the young Marchioness, who was still walking in the Garden. I had there an opportunity to discourse the young Lady in private, and to satisfy my self whether there had been any former quarrel between them, turn'd the conversation upon the old Marchioness, of whom she spoke in very obliging terms, and did not say the least Syllable of her that was disrespectful. I then made no difficulty to conclude that this formal Hypocrite, that

that was perpetually disgorging broken ends of Sermons, and pelting every body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, was nothing near so virtuous at bottom as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to her self; and I made a thousand Observations during this short journey, that fully confirm'd me in this opinion.

The young Marchioness, who, as I told you before, made no great noise or bustle about her Religion, spent but half an hour at her *Toilette*, and always got ready one of the first for her Journey.

The old Lady spent no less than three hours in tricking herself, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her.

Our Religious Dame, for all her pretences to mortification, thought it no sin to patch and paint herself: The Marchioness, content with her face such as Heaven made it, scorn'd to have recourse to such artifices.

The former must always have her Gellies, and Broaths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what brought to her before she wou'd venture her eyes out of Bed: the latter never thought of eating till the very moment before she went into her Coach.

The young Lady was always in good humour, spoke well of every body, was satisfied with every thing, and carefully avoided all the compliments and honours that were done her, in a Country where she was Mistress.

On the other hand, the old Marchioness, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every occasion to receive them, but was always complaining, that she had not respect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her, the Dinner never pleased her, the Servants were always sawcy or negligent, the Bills unreasonable, the Coachman either drove too fast or too slow: Still she found one opportunity or another to vent her pious indignation. No body's name cou'd be mentioned to her, but still she found something to blame in their Conduct. Then she was the most imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever lived a full fortnight with her. In short, she was eternally railing, censuring, and back-biting, but still she did it with a godly air, and in the language of the Old Testament.

If any one now shou'd ask me the question, which of these two I thought to have the most Religion, I shou'd immediately declare my self in favour of the young Marchioness, and yet to see how partially the World judges of Persons, the young Lady passes by common consent for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is universally taken for a Saint.

Thus you see how easily the World is imposed upon, by a fair outside, and glittering appearances. 'Tis true your persons of sense see through these thin disguises, and are sensible of the cheat, but where you meet one of that character, you find

ten thousand Fools that always assist to deceive themselves. A man of true Piety, that has no designs to carry on, like one of an established fortune, always make the least Noise. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's occasion for it.

This puts me in mind of a passage that happen'd r'other day. I made a visit one afternoon to Madam * * * where I found several City Ladies of the first magnitude. After a great deal of foolish Chat about the duty of Husbands, and the infidelity of the Men, some body in the room, by what accident I have now forgot, trump't up *Sylvius's* name, who you know is a man of great merit, and has the happiness to be well received by the fair Sex; Says a starched piece of formality, I wonder how he comes to make so many Conquests, but for my part, tho he sigh'd a whole age at my Feet, I am sure I should never lose a moments repose for him. I don't know the Gentleman, replys another Lady, but if he is what the World represents him, I dare not answer to my heart, that I cou'd maintain it long against him. This latter spoke her Sentiments honestly, and without reserve, whereas the other was a dissembling Coquette that had buried two Husbands, and was looking out for a third, and if warmly attack'd, wou'd, I dare answer for her, swallow a temptation without making wry Faces, as readily as an Usurer does an Orphan.

But

But tho a good reason may be given why we have so many Hypocrites in Religion, when they make their fortunes by it; I cou'd never comprehend the mystery, that the generality of the World shou'd be such Asses to value themselves for things that are apparently false.

Lucius is the Grandson of a Chimney-sweeper, all the World knows it, and yet the Sot values himself in all Companies upon his noble extraction; everlastingly talks of the services which his Ancestors have done the publick. Yet, says a Gentleman to him one day, finding him upon this Strain, the publick is oblig'd to your Ancestors; if it had not been for them *Paris* had been in danger of burning more than once.

Stentor is one of the vilest preachers that ever murder'd a Text. He has nothing but his lungs and impudence to recommend him. He had never learning enough at the Colledge to get him a Degree, nor reputation enough in the City to get twenty Auditors together to sit with him thro-out, yet in all his Sermons this insect quotes Fathers and Councils, with as much assurance as if he knew them, and talks of nothing but the vast multitudes that flock from all quarters to hear him.

Æmelia is an antiquated Maid, censorious and deform'd, she has often bribed Midwives and Persons, to proclaim her for a great fortune, and twenty times given money to be join'd in a Lam-poon, with twenty Sparks one after another, to

try if something wou'd come on't. But after all her intriguing she cou'd never yet find any one Cully enough to marry her. Yet she perpetually tells every one she sees, what advantageous matches she has refused in her time, such a Lords languish'd, and such a Knight run mad for her. And if you'll believe Captain *Buff*, the King has not dispos'd of the Government of a Fort these twenty years, but he has had the first offer of it.

But I forget I am writing a Letter, and have launched into an Essay : Therefore I will end abruptly here, rather than trespass any longer upon your patience, and only beg leave to add that I am

Your most Humble Servant.

LETTER V.

A consolatory Letter to Mr. *H---*

S I R,

I Am none of the best comforters in the world; however, yours is so common and easie a case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me word you are a Cuckold, and desire my advice

vice upon the matter : why is this a time to complain of Cuckoldom. You ought to have reconciled your self to that point long ago, before you ventur'd into the Holy State , and not to mortify with the thought on't now, when you can't help your self. A Soldier should consider before he lifts himself, how he can bear the loss of an arm or leg ; if he meets with an unlucky shot, 'tis but the chance of War, and if he comes off in a whole skin 'tis more than he cou'd expect, and Providence used him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rablais* , to which you are no stranger, long ago declar'd, that every married man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold, and cou'd you ever hope to elude an Oracle ? For my part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every post : you have been long jealous of your Wife, and now it comes home to you, for jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Catterpillar into a horned Insect call'd a Butterfly. However, you have got this by the bargain, that it has cured you, God be thanked, of your jealousy, which is one of the worst tormenters a man can have ; and who would not bear with a sawey Companion to get rid of the Devil. But after all, what you complain of is no disgrace, you share it in common with the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, and most of the Herces of former Ages, and with the *N*—— and *M*—— of this, besides an infinite number of Dukes, Marquisses,

Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads and Governors of Colledges and Halls; and who wou'd regret to be joyn'd in so good a Company?

But your *Family's dishonour'd*, and so perhaps it has been twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before I had no extraordinary hand at comforting. A thousand other Families have been subject to the same calamity, and why you should expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't understand. *But if I had deserved it from my Wife.* Why so much the better still: Other people use to comfort themselves in their misfortunes, by reflecting upon their innocence, and why should not you? If your Wife has a fancy to go to the Devil let her ne're lose her longing: rather than that shou'd happen, do by her as *Charles the fifth* is said to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me do?* you say *Job*, and *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, have been so often prescrib'd to people in your condition, that I won't offer them to you. My advice is then, that you'd come to Town as soon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapside* or near *Whitehall*, and there I'll pass my word for't you'll be thought no monster: tho you unmannerly folks in the Country stare at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a Kings Evidence just after a new Plot, yet *London's* a civil place, and we think him no prodigy

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digy here. But if your affairs won't give you leave to come to Town, my next advice is, to retalliate upon your Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred; and for that end get in with the Aunts, the Nurses, and Midwives; but above all, secure the Church, and get the Clergy on your side. When your numbers are grown pretty considerable, make a descent into the next Hundred, and so on, till you have made the whole County of a piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the reach of scandal, your multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably, as we do here in *London*. But *what shall I do with my Wife?* I have already told you; Build her a Bridge, and lose no time. I am,

Your Loving Cousin,

A. P.

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LET.

LETTER VI.

To W. K. Esq;

Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,

Is a sign I am never weary of keeping a correspondence with you, since I can afford to do it at this terrible juncture, when the Ink freezes as I write: But you must expect nothing else from me but what you would hear in every Coffee-house, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Frost. The common people here are of opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the honour of a visit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good instance; for they remember that when the *Morocco* Ambassador was here, we had the hottest Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to these merry Philosophers, every Foreigner that comes to see us, takes care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoso*, to bottle up some of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here. It

It has been a general complaint, that all the Seasons but winter have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamsted*, you know has pretended that the Sun has been out of order this good while, and a friend of yours, who loves dearly to sit up a nights, being asked what was the reason that he never saw him, replied, that he cou'd not endure to see sick folks. 'Tis no wonder that he can do no more in *January*, since for eight years last past, he has not been scarce able to maintain his Summer Quarters, and Winter has had the impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed, if he decays in proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have mercy, say I, on Dr. *Burnet's* Hypothesis of the *Charterhouse*, for he'll be no more able to cause a general conflagration, than old *Parr* was to get a Bastard in the hundred and fifty second year of his age.

But to leave off these metaphysical contemplations— If this severe Season lasts many days longer, it will as effectually try the orthodoxy of peoples constitution, as the new *A* —concerning *K. 7*— will shew who is *Stanch* to the Government, and who not. We used to say in the late Reign, that if Popery proved to be long-lived, 'twould soon be found who were in the interests of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this frost, I conceive, will make truer and juster discoveries; for a man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thousand tricks with his faith and no body be the

the wiser ; but the Devil is in him if such searching Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquisition) does not extort very unlucky confessions from his Carcass, especially if in his younger days he studied natural Philosophy in *Covent Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town Water is scarcer than its opposite Element, Fire ; so that 'tis dreaded by some understanding persons, that a stop will be put to Bap—m for some time, unless the C—y can get *Moses's* Miracle of striking Water out of a Rock, or unless the C—ch will dispence with the use of *Aqua-vitæ* in that case, as some will tell you they do in *Norway*, where at this time of the year Water is as great a rarity, as truth is at *W——* and most of the Courts in Christendom all the year round.

A friend of mine happen'd yesterday to be in a Tavern Kitchen near the Custom-House, and complaining of the cold ; Lord, says a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt, no more, as Gad shall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Mainmast of the *Britannia*. I made the North East Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What said my friend, don't the people die all that time ? Yes, a pox on them, they dye enough, but the ground is as hard as a flint, they are forced in their own defence to pile up their

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their dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tye pieces of paper about their Necks, for all the world, Sir, as your good Housewives in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles, to know them again, and so they bury them at Spring of the year. Sir, says my friend to him, you seem to be an honest Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I in my time have been a piece of a Traveller, and have pass'd a month or two among the *Samoeids*, where it is so excessive cold, that as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Priests to preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *August*, for fear of putting some odd whimsies into the heads of the people: So here, the Patriarch of *Mosco* forbids all the Clergy, under pain of suspension, not to make the least mention of the roasting that is used in the other world, lest they shou'd set all their Congregations a longing to be there. In short, Noble Captain, the Parsons take as much care to conceal the Doctrine of H—ll fire, for the reason above mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciously thanked my friend for his News, and so they parted.—

One wou'd be apt to imagin 'twas in such weather as this that *David* penn'd the Psalm, where he advises people to look to their ways.

The

The Streets are so excessive slippery, that a man runs thro' half the dangers of an *East India* Voyage, in passing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach, and if he ventures it on foot, he's obliged to walk with the same precaution upon the King's Highway, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themselves upon the high Rope. For want of observing this direction, a Country Gentlewoman t'other day met with a sad mischance at the corner of *Fetter-lane*, for up flew her heels, and off came her Commode, and she unluckily discovered a hideous breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a fright, and a grave Citizen that passed by was exceedingly scandalized. The Physicians and Chyrurgeons however are no losers by this Season, for what between Ptytick and Fevers, (which really make a handsome figure in the weekly Bill) and those providential Blessings call'd broken Arms and Legs, both professions find as much employment, as Dr *Oates* will tell you the Pimps had at *White-hall* in the Reign of King C. the second. Our Divines need not be over-nice as to what they preach; for there is such everlasting barking in the Churches, that tho' the Parson had the lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impossible to understand a syllable he says. Some Ptyticky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the hint from him, a
third

third pursues it, and so the Snow-ball rolls merrily on, till at last the whole Congregation joyns in the Chorus, and one side of the Church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Quire at *Pauls*. The *Thames* is in great danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generously endeavours to throw off every Tide; and never was so true an emblem as now of that noble spirited Island, of which he is the defence as well as ornament, which can never have chains put upon it of any continuance.

I am sorry to find by your last that your Neighbour Mr *H*—— grows fat upon Marriage, for I don't see how he can answer it to his conscience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving Soil, on which he that can batten, may raise an Estate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Ecclesiastical History tells us of a Bishop that suspended one of his Priests for no Crime, but because he had a double Chin. That Prelate could not be persuaded that his Curate preached, and prayed, and minded the business of his Parish, so long as he carried such an unapostolical badge about him. Pray acquaint your friend Mr *H*—— with this adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil,

vil, nor Common Law, will justify him in making a *Sinecure* of his Wife. I am,

Your most humble Servant, &c

SOME
REMARKS
 UPON
MARRIAGE.

M*Arriage* being the Port, or Haven, at which most of the Sons and Daughters of *Ed* design to touch, sooner or latter; 'tis no wonder that People are universally curious, to know how this ticklish Ceremony is performed in other Countries. We find here at home that the first place in the Common-Prayer Book that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl that could readily make all the Responses in that Office before she could Answer to one Question in her Catechism. Which occasion'd her Father, who

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was a grave old Gentleman, to wish that those of her Sex would take as much care to prepare themselves for their latter, as for this their first end, for so it proves to most of them.

It has been frequently said that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by *Destiny*, but, for my part, I am no *Predestinarian*; neither do I believe, with the rest of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and sold there, before they come to *Smithfield Market*. But tho' I am no admirer of *Destiny*, as I said before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no manner of resemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with *Reverence* be it spoken, as well as *Marrying*, is performed by tying a Knot, which death only dissolves, and then they agree too in this particular, (which is more suitable to the occasion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World observe different Fashions in one no less than the other.

The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and in consequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high, but say this ought to be understood in a qualified Sense, and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as generally speaking, it confers Repentance, which every body knows is a step to Grace.

It must be confess'd on all hands, that *Marriage* is the most serious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our Latter End, with Fear and Trembling. For this reason, I cannot endure to hear people pass their ill natur'd jests, upon so holy an Ordinance. If it is a Mans good fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his happiness is this World from that very Moment ; and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having married a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complained of his fate, nor made his Spouse uneasy, but honestly thank'd God, that now he had a hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage Ceremonies*, will find sufficient reason to thank Providence, that they were born in so good natur'd an Island as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near so morose and severe, as they are in some places in the World. To give an Instance of this, our Author of the *Marriage Ceremonies* tells us, p. 51. among the *Sabrians* (a sort of Mungril Christians, that live on the Confines of Persia next Turkey) the Parties meeting together at Church, the Minister makes the Bride swear before the Women, that she is a Virgin.

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As ill an opinion as the World unjustly entertains of our Females, I am very well satisfied that there are above Forty Thousand Conscientious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and insuaring an Oath. How is it possible that a Woman should positively swear to an imaginary thing, which may be lost (the Lord knows how) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no Husband was ever a jot the securer, for prescribing Arbitrary and Unlawful Oaths.

Yet as great a hardship as this may seem to be, it is! nothing in comparison, of what hardships are practis'd in some Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are performed. Thus we find in the said Book p. 42. *that among the Greeks, if the Women find in the Bed the next day any signs of a lost Virginity, they make a great Feast; but when that is wanting, they say nothing, the Bridegroom sending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The same inhuman Custom, is likewise observ'd by the *Persians*, as the Reader may see, p. 64. *by the Moors of the Morocco*, p. 73. *the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of Fez*, p. 75. *by those of Algiers and Tunis* p. 79, *by the Spaniards who retain this Custom from the Moors*, p. 22. *and lately by the Jews in Barbary.* As for the latter I don't wonder at it, to find such an usage among them, because they were stiff-necked people,

that was always demanding Signs, and Tokens; nor among Infidels and *Mahometans*; but that any Christians, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, should still hanker after the old superstitious Leaven, is matter of the greatest astonishment to me. I cannot but reflect with horror, how many Ladies in *England* that now live comfortably with their Husbands, and are blessed with a numerous issue, had been Shamefully discarded and sent home, if ever such an unrighteous Fashion as this had got footing among us. It seems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they shou'd relish no pleasure but what comes at the expence of their dearest Consorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the Freeborn Women of *England*, from such bloody minded Husbands.

But tho' the greatest part of the World, are so extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are some People that have other Notions of things. Our said Author p. 88. acquaints us, that when one of Conchin Marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the first Night, but is obliged to give her to a Bramino, who lies with her, and that they believe this to be a favour and a good Omen. I hope their Parishes in this Country are not of a large extent, otherwise the Priest has more Work upon his Hands, than he will go through with, unless he keeps a Curate

or two to relieve him, when Marriages come in thick. The holders forth of our Conventicles, affect to be thought great pains-takers, and really deserve the name, for their Bands will testify for them both in the Dog-days, and out of the Dog-days, that they Sweat exceedingly. But, Alas, what is this, if considered in the same Scales with the drudgery, that these Priests undergo in their Ministry. I have often wonder'd that the Popish Clergy that stand up so stiffly for the divine Right of First-fruits, don't Troop in shoals to this Kingdom, when they Voluntarily pay such an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable, that in most Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Priesthood, who, if they equally pretended to the power of *Loosing*, as they do to that of *Tying*; they would have more Business upon their hands than they could well dispense with. Only in *Turkey* married People are joined together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magistrate, and here in *England* in *Oliver's* time by a Justice of Peace; the Reason alledg'd for it then was, that none was so well qualified to Marry others as he, who, by his Office was Impower'd to lay People by the heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken Notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd so Essential to *Marriage* in several Countries, that the poor Bride is Inhumanly dismiss'd,

sent home to her Relations, if she be found defective in that particular; but, in this Author, we shall find, that all the world is not of this humour, in Pegu, of the Marriage Ceremonies, p. 96. *the King, and those of the greatest Quality, lye not the first night with their Wives, but admit others and pay them bountifully, that will give themselves the trouble.* With all due respect to our Women be it spoken, I humbly conceive that one half, at least, of the married Men in this Kingdom, if they would speak their minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own that they sav'd them this Porters drudgery, as a Monarch (not inferiour to *Solomon* for Wisdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, used to lie the first night with the Bride, their Vassal, but now they have flung up such a troublesome piece of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without reason, for exacting implicate Obedience from her Sons, but alas, what signifies it to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Priest; but to take a Wife, as our Author tells us they do in *Muscovy*, and other places, without seeing her once, or knowing what Defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forced to buy a Pig in a Poke, nay, there
are

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are some married Men in the World; that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's side.

To conclude these Reflections, it is my hearty advice, That all unmarried Persons wou'd chuse themselves proper Spones by the first opportunity, in order to recruit those numbers that have been destroy'd in the wars, and not suffer their Talents to lie buried in a Napkin, for which they must severely Answer one Day. And as for those that are Married, the best way they can take, as I presume, is to live as easy as they can, and following the good counsel of *Hobson* the Carrier, so to manage themselves, as not to tire before their Journeys end.

LETTER VI.

Another Letter to Mr. H---

S I R,

I Find by your answer, that my advice had not that good effect upon you, which I expected. You still complain of your unhappiness, and disturb your self and your friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining wou'd make you a farthing the better, I wou'd out-weep a Church-Spout, and out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three Husbands, and now laments for a fourth : or if I thought you wanted any Spiritual Cordials, I wou'd send you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that patience, which the preachers of them cou'd never practise. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* wou'd sooner bring you to your self than a Divine. In short, think no more of the Viper that stung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what people do in *Spain* upon these occasions. But what have you and

I to do with them? Are we to regulate our eating by the fots of *Lapland*, or to go naked in complaisance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in *Spain*, perhaps I had preach'd revenge to you, and out of my great concern for your person, advis'd you to venture the Gallows, because forsooth your Wife with the sweat of her brows had earn'd damnation. But since you live in a Country, where the people are wiser than to be enslav'd by such foolish notions, pray suffer yourself to be govern'd by the maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no scandal in our Nation, and if you were the first and ancientest — in *England*, I cou'd say no more to you. If 'tis the rarity that makes the Monster, you'il never come within the number of them. 'Tis only the marry'd men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly speaking, are the Monsters here, as in *Guinea*, 'tis not those that have huge Lips and flat Noses, but those that have them otherwise are really the deform'd.

The old *Romans*, who may be suppos'd to have had as just sentiments of honour, as the nicest *Dons* of *Castile*, were guided by wiser Maxims. In case of infidelity, the Wife was sent home with infamy to her virtuous relations, but no manner of disgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of so many Kings; *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence; and

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Cæsar,

Cæsar, the Master of the Universe, had all of 'em Wives that prov'd as errant recreants as yours, yet we don't find that they thought themselves a farthing the worse for it, or that they rail'd at their stars, or flew into such extravagances as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written so many Consolatory Treatises, to relieve a man under all the misfortunes, and accidents of human life, as banishment, poverty, the loss of friends, old age, disgrace, and the like; yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single drop of comfort out of his Philosophical *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle, to cure the heart burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, shall it ever be said, to the infamy of old *England*, that Heathens, uncircumcised Heathens cou'd practise that patience, which you, that, God be thanked, live under a meeker dispensation, cannot reconcile your self to.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Resignation, because they cou'd make themselves amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as soon as they had dismissed the former. On the other hand, I think 'tis happy for you that you live in a Christian Country, where they won't let you cut your fingers the second time with a Knife, as long as the instrument that wounded you last is in being. There's a Fable in *Æsop* that fits your case exactly, therefore pray listen to it with due attention

ention and reverence. A Shepherd kept a flock of Sheep near the Sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long time, had an itch upon him to turn Merchant Adventurer ; that is to say in plain *English*, a Gentleman liking the outside of the fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his purpose, and resolves to marry. So he converts his Sheep and other moveables into a Purse of Money, buys a parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea. That is to say, furnishes him a House, provides a fine suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place*, and marries. A tempest ruffled him cruelly there, (this tempest, *Jack*, by the by the by, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board to lighten his Ship ; that is to say, his Wife was so damn'd a Thorn in his side, that he was forc'd to drink her to death, to get rid of her. And thus with much ado escapes to shore, and returns to the old place to follow his old profession, that is, breaks up house-keeping, and lives privately as he did before. A few days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills ; that is, some of the Sex smile and simper, as if they had a design to hook him into Matrimony again ; A plague take you, says he, for a dissembler : What, your chops water for more Dates, I warrant ; but I'll see you hang'd before you shall have any. I don't question, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in your neigh-

neighbourhood that long to be fingering your Dates, but if you'll follow the Shepherd's example, they shall all lose their longing.

Well, we have got over this troublesome point, and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife shou'd run away with a Souldier, (a confounded Ensign I think you call him) and an ugly fellow too. But this is the most fantastical complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in mind of an *Irish-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, set nothing to heart but that he must be truss'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your House was robb'd, I suppose it wou'd be all a case to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-sweeper that did you the honour to rifle you: And in your present misfortune what relief wou'd it be to you that a Blue Garter planted your Horns, any more than a Blue Apron, the Duce take me if I can see. But you I find are somewhat of *Bessus's* humour in the Play, who comforted himself after a good kicking that his honour had not suffer'd, because in the first place 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and secondly 'twas done with a *Spanish* leather Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you lamenting, because the fact was done under a hedge, or upon a bare floor, and not with the usual accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the fellow was ugly*: Why so much the better still, the Cockatrice of your bosom will have the less to say for herself another day.

day, and that ought to be no little comfort, *Jack*, to one in your case. Besides, it justifies the old saying, that Subjects and Wives, when they revolt from their lawful Sovereigns, seldom chuse for a better. As for her pitching upon a Soldier to be her gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in red, and their Brethren in black, have for several ages been in possession of the Sex, the latter upon the account of their secrecy, which may be the reason perhaps, why they wear the Rose, the badge of silence in their Hats; and the other, upon the score of the mighty performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagin them all to be Heroes, and as the Lady formerly believ'd that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, so they vainly think that Red gives the wearers of it courage and vigour above their neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader back than *Mars*, and was the stronger made of the two, yet the latter with the powerful charms of his embroider'd Coat, and *Steenkirk* Cravat, so won the Goddess's heart, that she was easily tempted to cuckold the poor Blacksmith. In short, women are like Mackarel, bait but a hook with a piece of red Cloath, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of ugliness, from which we have digressed, I told you before 'twould make it the worse for your Wife at the Re——on, but upon second thoughts, I don't know

know but she may have a great deal to say for herself. You are a handsome fellow, *Jack*, I own it, but perhaps have convinc'd her by sorrowful experience, that as the proverb has it, all is not gold that glisters. Who can tell but your Wife has read natural Philosophy enough to know, that where the ground has the roughest, the most unpromising surface, there the richest Mines lye below.

After all, whether it is so or not, variety is a mighty matter, and much may be said on so fertile a head. People love to alter their hands, tho' it is not always for the better, a clear instance of this we find in *Plautus Amphitryo*. *Jupiter* who by the high post he stood possessed of, one would think should have no gross palate, lies with *Alcmena* the very night before she was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady for her part was complaisant, that's certain; but Women, generally speaking, are not so refractory as Camels are, that when they have got their burden, rise up, and will carry no more: So this is no great wonder. But what the Duce shou'd bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Universe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* pimp for him for the space of twenty four hours by the clock, to put himself to the expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the rest of the Stars do double duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an universal disorder in nature, and all to carry on a foolish intrigue with a big-belly'd woman? 'Tis agreed by

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all the Dutch Commentators, that he wou'd never have done so much for *Juno*, his lawful Spouse; in one of her most engaging moments, with all the advantages of dress and art to recommend her; much less under such embarrassing circumstances. What then may we imagine to be the reason of it? Why, that partly variety, and partly the itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this expedition. But all this while I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Bishop that was employ'd to write against *Luther*, and turn'd one of his party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus incuria*; but before I conclude, give me leave to tell you a short story. A Gentleman of my acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about some forty Shillings a year of him. The Hutt he liv'd in was a sad wretched hole, made up of a few feeble poles, cover'd with mud, dung, and straw: 'Twas not to be mention'd on the same year with a Crows-nest, either for the materials, the convenience, or architecture of it. The least puff of wind ruffled it more severely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The discharge of a Gun at a quarter of a miles distance wou'd give it a Tertian Ague for a fortnight. Then as for the furniture, it was all of a piece with the building, half a score wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the same metal, a broken backt Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachresis than is to be found in all

Mr

Mr *Cleveland*. It was not so much as furnish
 with a Suit of *Grubstreet* Tapistry; I mean, a set
 of Protestant Ballads, or the Devil tempting
London Prentice, or the Tanners advice to his
 Children, or the Royal Family on Horseback, to
 keep the poor Walls in countenance. The fel-
 low's whole substance was a Bee-hive, half a score
 Cabbages, and an Apple-tree in the yard, on the
 success of which he depended more than the Con-
 —tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders*:
 Tit that sharpt for his livelihood on the Com-
 mon, but as lean as a Projector's Footman;
 Cow, whose Milk was meat and drink, and her
 tail an Almanack to the family; with a Cock
 strutting at the head of a progeny; and a brace
 of Pigs educated within doors, and serv'd with
 as much care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage.
 His Music when he came home was to hear a li-
 ter of young dirty Children squawling on one
 side of him, and the above-mention'd *Messieurs*
Porceaugnac grunting on the other, and his ran-
 two-handed Spouse, that never had a drop of wa-
 ter touch her face, since the Parson sprinkled her
 at the Font, by the same token even then it made
 her cry out, endeavouring to keep the Kings Ma-
 jestys peace between them. Yet amidst all this
 poverty and filthiness the fellow lookt merry, and
 in good humour, snor'd as contentedly at Church
 as the best of his neighbours, in an old Sunday
 Coat that had outliv'd six Generations, and
 whistled

whistled at his work, and what is more, without any of the Parish to assist him, once a year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfasted every morning on the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Broath. So his Landlord ask'd him what shift he made to keep himself so chearful and merry? Why Master, says he, when I think of such fine folks as your Worship, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old Father for begetting me under such a starving Planet: But when I consider how few are in your case, and how many millions in the same condition with my self, if not in a worse, why then I set my hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this story needs no application; do but think of the millions you have on your side, enough to confound the Turk and Pope, nay, to carry the whole world before you, if you knew your own strength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Souldiers to fight, Lawyers to plead, Physicians to prescribe, and Divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll sleep heartily upon't, and persecute me with no more of your whining Letters: who am

Your Humble Servant.

P. S.

A Physician of my acquaintance, that has heard of your misfortune, call'd upon me this morning just as I had ended my Letter, and left my advice shou'd fail of making a good impression upon you, was so kind to send you the following prescription. If these precepts won't cure you, we must proceed to Topics, and one of the best remedies I know is what follows. When your discontented soul labours with a little Brow-anguish, take a Childs Coral, with Whistle and Bells to it, moisten it with fasting Spittle, and rub your forehead with it *ter in die horis medicis*. It will make your Brow-antlers cut easy, for some Cuck-olds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as some Children are under the breeding of Teeth. Once more Adieu.

Let

L E T T E R VII.

To the Reverend Mr. ----- in *Sussex*.

I Have had a mind to write to thee this long while, but the misfortune on't is, that a man does not know how to accost thee, without being at the pains to consult the Herald's Office. *Ge-ryon*, of tripple-headed memory gave his Subjects I suppose the same trouble, who when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themselves as much embarras'd, which of his heads to address to, as I find my self at present, under which of your three capacities I am first to consider you. In short, I am told you have got three strings to your bow, that you are a Parson, a Grazier, and a Physician. Now which of these is your Top-profession, I mean that which brings you in most money, the Lord knows : however hoping the best still of the Church, this comes to tell you Reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good fortune, and wish you all the prosperity you can desire.

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly pleased at your grafting the Grazier upon the Clergyman. You have reduced things, they say

to their primitive condition, and joyn'd two trades, as the world makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Priests and Graziers, and had an equal jurisdiction over their two legg'd and four legg'd Congregations. When Paganism got footing in the World, the case was somewhat alter'd; Then Sacrifices came in play, and the Priests and Graziers turn'd Butchers; which noble employment some malicious people will tell you, their Successors have kept up under another dispensation.

But as for your joyning the Physician to the Divine, they are not so well satisfied. Some wonder'd why you wou'd take up a profession that lies under the imputation of being in the hands of Atheists: but Gentlemen, said I, don't trouble your selves for that matter; for let a Parson tack a hundred other professions to his own, yet I'll engage that like Oyl among other Liquors, the Clergyman will still float uppermost. Besides, who knows but it was your ill fortune to live amongst such a refractory perverse people, as *Don Diego's* were, that wou'd not knock off in any reasonable time, but lived long, on purpose to spite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its perquisites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in danger of forgetting their notes for want of exercise, and the grass in your Churchyard for want of being corrected by the Spade grew

grew so scandalously and enormously high, that the Arch-Deacon complained of it at the Visitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no employment from the Dead, was in a fair way to be starv'd among the Living, and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*, when the C---t is not there : Then he and you, oh I beg your pardon Doctor, then you and he, under the melancholy Yew-tree that faces the Church Porch, all alone like Mr. *Drydens* two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others moan, and made as mournful a Consort between you, as two Seamens Widows in a Brandy shop near the Navy Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for sticking so unmercifully long to one another, and what is a dreadful thing to consider, there had like to have been a general insurrection of all the young fellows against their most unnatural Fathers for the same account. To prevent these, and a thousand other inconveniencies, I think it was very discreetly done of you, to set up for a Physician, and now I don't question but the Bells troll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with using, the Church-yard looks like a place of Business, and your Sexton can afford to treat himself with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula's* life t'other morning, you came into my head I protest, and I cou'd not forbear to wish, that it had been your good luck to live under his auspicious reign. That Emperor,

who was not partial to his own species, but heartily encouraged Merit where-ever he found it whether in man or Beast 'twas the same thing to him; generously bestow'd a fat Parsonage upon his Horse *Incitatus*, whom by the by he design'd to make Lord Mayor of *Rome* the next year, but granted him I suppose a dispensation to officiate by a Curate, because the poor Brute, had a natural impediment in his Speech. So I was thinking with my self, if this noble-spirited Prince cou'd present his Horse to a rich Living, what preferment wou'd he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you lived in *Rome* at that time. But you have prevented all these wishes in your friends, by the wise course you have taken to get money, for the Devil's in't if three gainful trades in *Confederacy* cannot make a shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the door. Some people indeed think you come within the Canon about Pluralities, but that is a jest. They may as well call a double chin a plurality, and then the Lord have mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that scandalous name, which wou'd touch the Copy-hold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I wou'd fain know why the incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, shou'd not be suffer'd to make himself amends in some other employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to sell every thing from Broad Cloath and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-

Pack-thread. Besides all the world knows that the Reformation stript the Church of Confession and several other advantageous points, which kept the Laity in good order; now what cou'd better supply the absence of these things than the profession you have taken up, since we find the world is so wickedly given, that they have a greater regard for their transitory Bodies than their Souls; so now if any of your Parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten 'em with the Ecclesiastical Court, but ply them with Pills, don't excommunicate them, but give them Physick, for that will sooner send them to the Devil than the censure of the C——h.

I that am at so great a distance from you, please my self now and then with the thoughts that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as busy a face, as a Country Attorney standing at his door, with a brace of Pens in his Hair; sometimes I see you in the Pulpit knocking down sin like an Ox, sometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence sent for to feel the pulse of a Farmers plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. Then out comes the Clyster-pipe, and when that is administer'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the same pocket, to beg a blessing upon't. The harmony of Authors too in your Library must needs be admirable, *Culpepper's* Midwife, and *Dr. Sherlock* upon Death, *Harvey de lue Venereâ*, and *Burgefs* of original Sin, *Colebatch* of Acids,

and *Twisse* of the Gospel-sweets, the dispensatory and the Concordance, a Father and an Urinal-monger. But what pleases me most is to hear, that you are grown the gravest person in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your gravity, and that will keep you. Some people I know will call it dulness, and to say truth, dulness and gravity like the two *Sofia's* in the Play, resemble one another so much, that 'tis almost impossible to distinguish them, but no matter for that; still hold to the Text of Gravity, for the topping men in all professions are protected by their gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the mud and dirt about them.

Having been told of several of your cures, I wish we had you here in Town, to show a piece of your skill upon an old acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palsy on one side, which I am afraid he will never recover of till death, or you come to his relief. I mean poor *Harry S*—— who has lately married the Widow *D*—— For my part I can never see him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed fornication with a dead Body. *St. Francis* that was forced to run into a heap of Snow, to correct the insolencies of nature, wou'd have turn'd as cold and motionless, as *Lot's* wife at the very sight of her. A generous well-bodied Calenture, such as they have under the line, may perhaps put her Blood into some motion, but a
common

common ordinary Fever can no more warm her, than you can roast a Surloin of Beef by a farthing Candle. By this you may guess what a wretched condition your Friend is in. If there is any thing in your art, that can give this Gentlewoman a civil list into the other World (for really she is too good for this) you are desired to communicate it, and besides a good round gratuity, *Harry* promises you shall preach her funeral Sermon, so that after you have destroyed her with your Pills, you may likewise murder her with your Oratory. I am

LETTER VIII.

By one of the *Commons*.

Dear Jack!

O mihi post nullos.

THO at this present juncture, *superos, & conscia sidera testor*, I am in no very good condition to write Letters, *secessum scribentis & otia quarunt*, because my head akes, *accessit fervor capiti*, and with last nights drink

drinking my hand trembles *quid non ebrietas designat*, yet I cannot forbear, *tenet insanabile multos*, to send you an account of our meeting at the *Sun*, *forſan & hæc olim meminiffe juvabit*; and what happened upon it, *Exitus acta probat*, but I'll endeavour to be as brief as I can, *ſumma ſequar feſtigia rerum*, for I hate prolixity and all its works.

You muſt know then that a parcel of young fellows of us, *in cure curanda plus æquo*, jolly toping Companions, *ſponſi Penelopes, nebulones*, who when are we are at a Tavern never cry to go home, *fruges conſumere nati*, met at the *Sun* to drink ſome tokens ſent out of the Country, *O rus quando ego te aſpiciam*. At firſt we were exceeding chearful and merry, *nunc te Bacche canam*, the Glaſſes troll'd about like lightning, *nec mora nec requies*, we drank proſperity to old England, *dulce & decorum eſt pro patria*, nor was the beſt in Chriſtendom forgot, *ſpelunca alta fuit, vaſtoq; immanis hiatus*. So far then every thing went well, *hæc Arethuſa tenuis*, the Candles burn clear and bright, *noctem Flammis funalia vincunt*, the Tobacco ſmoaked agreeably, *Volvitur ater odor tectæ*, but you know the old ſaying, pleaſure has a ſting in its tail, *nocet empla dolore voluptas*, people ſeldom know when to give off, *O quantum in rebus inane*, for mark what follow'd, *felix quem faciunt*, we had the Devil and all to do before we parted, *Aleſto ſtygiis caput extulit oris*,

oris, nothing but bloodshed and desolation,
bella horrida bella, and a Woman occasioned it
all, *dux femina facti*. One in the Company it
seems was deeply in Love, *omnia vincit amor*, so
he began his Mistresses health in a bumper, *Navia*
sex Cyathis, swearing she was an Angel, a God-
dess, and I know not what, *trahit sua quemq;*
voluptas, but his next neighbour like a fool re-
fused to pledge him, *quis nisi mentis inops obla-*
tum respuit. Upon which Rogue and Rascal strait
ensued, *nulli tacuisse nocet*, one ill word begot
another, *verba accusandi genitivum regunt*, after
which Bottles and Candlesticks flew like hail,
jamq; faces & saxa volant, and some undermining
moles in the company, that no body cou'd tell
what to make of, *incerti generis sunt talpa*, blew
up the coals to make more mischief, *spargere voces*
in vulgum ambiguas, till at last all of us were
hooked into the quarrel, *O miseri, quæ tanta in-*
sania, cives! 'Twas to no purpose to preach up
peace and moderation, *in campo si quis asellum*,
for the Wine was in and the Wit was out, *fæ-*
cundi calicès quem non fecere? One with his Maz-
zard demolished, *quantum mutatus ab illo Hector*,
fell down on the floor, *dat gemitum tellus*, and
lay as flat as a Flounder, *procumbit humi bos;*
t'other with his Nose dismounted, *quis cladem illi-*
us noctis, fell a swearing like a Dragon, *tercen-*
tem tonat ore deos, and flung the Monteith at his
opposite, *furor arma ministrat*. A third had his

Eyes

Eyes clos'd up, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*. A fourth his Lac'd Cravat and Perriwig torn to pieces, *quis funera fando explicet*. In short, the distraction was universal, *peste vacat pars nulla*, it reign'd from *Dan* to *Bersheba*, *ab ovo usq; ad mala*, for by this time all of us were at pell mell, *legitq; virum vir*, but such a noise and such a confusion, good Lord ! *ferit aurea sidera clamor*. I warrant you there was work enough for the Chirurgions, *multa vi vulnera miscent*, but it's an ill wind, you'll say, that blows no body good, *aliquisq; malo fuit usus in illo*. At last the man of the house appear'd, *vir gregis ipse caper*, with a Constable and a mob of Watchmen at his heels, *una eurusq; notusq; ruunt*, commanding us in the King's name to keep the peace, *tollite barbarum clamorem*, and not to fight like Beasts or Dutchmen over our Drink, *pugnare Thracum est*: what, says he, do ye think there are no Magistrates in the Neighbourhood, *Creditis avectos Danaos*, or do ye know my Lord Mayor and the City no better, *sic notus Ulysses* ? Come pack up your Awls, and be gone, *ille regit dictis animos*, or I shall send you all to the Counter, *horrissono stridentes cardine portæ*. Upon this the mutiny was soon quash'd, *omnis pelagi cecidit fragor*, we had no mind to be longer at Logger-heads, *non ea vis animo*, a Prison was no such desirable place, *Centauri in foribus stabulant*, so the reckoning was call'd for and paid, *de moribus ultima flet questio*,

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questio, every one went towards his respective home; *sedes quisque suas*, some in Coaches, and some on Foot, *scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus*. But see the uncertainty of humane affairs, *omnia sunt hominum*, we were stopt by the Monarch of the night at *Ludgate*, *apparent nova Monstra*. Crys he, whence come ye; *sed vos qui tandem*, or whether are you going? *Quove tenetis iter*. Shall I send one of my Myrmidons to see you home? *auxilio tutos dimittam*, or will you reign with me in this Elbow-Chair of State, *vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis*. By my Faith my Throne and all is at your service, *Urbem quam statuo vestra est*. No, said Ned Townly, I beg your excuse, *hand equidam tali me dignor honore*, I love you, Gentlemen Constables, with all my heart, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*, but I have a morose thing call'd a Father at home, *est mihi namq; domi pater*, besides a Mother-in law as mischievous as a fury, *Hircanæq; admorunt ubera tygres*. So if you please we'll ev'n take our leaves of one another, worthy Sir, *satis est quod sufficit*, and thus through so many nocturnal principalities and powers, *per tot discrimina rerum*, we at last got safe to the Commons, *tendimus in Latium*.

Had I the Lungs of a hundred Lawyers, *non mihi si centum lingue fuit*, yet were I not able to tell you all my adventures, *omnes scelerum com-*

compendere formes. But to conclude, this was the issue of this tragical night, *hæc finis Priami fatorum* ; but who the plague could have foreseen it, *quid sit futurum cras fuge querere.* However, I shall have more wit for the future, *piscator sapit ictus*, so begging your pardon for this tedious Letter, *veniam petimus dabimusq; vicissim*, I promise you *Ne quid nimis* shall hereafter be the word, with

Your most humble

L. I.

LETTER IX.

To Madam --kept by a Jew in Covent-Garden.

By Capt. Gr—

AT my coming to Town, I was surpriz'd to hear two things, That the Duke of Savoy had quitted the Confederates and gone over
to

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to the *French*, and (what startled me more) that Mrs *Lucy* ——— had thrown off her old Christian acquaintance, and revolted to the Jews. Faith, Child, I could never have imagined, that you of all the women in the world wou'd ever have chosen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminishes the current Coyne of Love, or could ever be brought to like those people that liv'd two thousand years on Types and Figures. But perhaps you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampson's* sake, of brawny memory. If you did, you are like to lose your longing; for you may as well look for some of the race of the two Gyants at *Guild-hall* in *Cheapside*, as for any of *Sampson's* progeny in *Duke's-place*. Some of your Friends alledge in your justification, that you were wholly directed by your interest in this choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Statesmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that principle, and why a poor frail woman should not be allowed the same privilege, I cannot see. So then, I find 'tis neither circumcision nor uncircumcision that avails any thing with you; but money, which is in reality of all Religions, and you only put in practice what your kind Keeper's Ancestors did formerly in the Wilderness, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which the *Rabbies* say was some excuse for their Idolatry. Upon this foot

I'll allow you to grant some favours to your old Testament Spark, so long as his pot of Manna continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan* flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean time consider how his Predecessors served the *Ægyptians*, and let it not disturb your pious Conscience to use him in the same manner. For your comfort, all our Casuists agree, that it is no more sin to cheat a Jew, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put false Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old friend of mine, to tell thee the truth, I have a great inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the reason: if thou hadst kept still within the pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before, that I should have lain under no great temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an Interloper into thy Bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his quarters, and am resolved to cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Aben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumcision, only to shew my zeal to Christianity. Therefore meet me, dear *Luce*, this very evening in the Pit, for I long to know first, how thou mad'st a shift to pass the *Levitical* muster with him: and secondly and lastly, to be inform'd whether *Aaron's Bells* make better Musick than ours.

Adieu.

Letter

LETTER X.

From a Gentleman in *Holland*, to his
Friend in *England*. By the same hand.

YOU may imagin I lead none of the most comfortable lives here, when I tell you that I am quartered in a little pimping village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no men to converse, and no women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and so I believe I should be, if I liv'd among them till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the Devil and curse me, when I fancy they are at their compliments. However, this is no more temptation to me to learn their croaking language, than I should have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggins*, who gelt himself on purpose, to know whether his Wife was true to his bed: Then their liquor is so abominable, that there's no enduring it: rather than do penance in such vile stuff, two of my Soldiers are forced to fill their guts with water every day,

day, and then stand upon their heads a quarter of an hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble representation of drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of exercise, and pass away my time as uneasily, as a poor Carp that has been us'd to range in a River, does in a little Cistern of Water at a Fishmonger's by *Temple Bar*. However, I could make a shift to bear the brutality of the men, if the other Sex made me amends, but i'faith they are cold to such a degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them. I must needs own, I have the same quarrel to the generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to say, they know too much; but a plague on't, the Females here have the contrary fault, and are such flegmatic, stupid Creatures, that a man must live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho the Virtuosi may be mistaken in their universal Character, yet I thought Love had an universal language, which was understood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here it seems this Traffick is not practic'd, tho they trade in every thing else. By signs and other motions I can make a shift

to tell them what I would eat and drink, but I cannot, with all that my eyes can speak, with all that my fingers can express, make the women understand my meaning, so as to relieve my more pressing necessities. Looking once with a languishing ridiculous air, as people in love use to do, my Landlords Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was presently sent for, (so I guess him to be, by the Clyster-pipe hanging by his side,) but I had the grace to refuse the civilities he design'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a pledge into her hands, which the Women in all other parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the value of, but she looked upon as it unconcern'd as a *Cheapside* Cit does at a Cuckold, and returned it me back, and yet the Wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty, and seem'd to be made of the same good natured materials, with the Women in *England*. 'Tis a common saying, but untrue, that no Nation is so barbarous, but Love and Religion have got footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotantots* have no Religion, and I have found by sorrowful experience, that the *Dutch* Women have no tast of Love; whether this proceeds from their natural coldness, which produces the same effects here, that Grace does in other places, or whether their business, to which they are no less bred, than the men, proves too pre-

O

valent

valent for all amorous impressions, I can't tell ; but this is certain, that as a modern Author expresses himself, we find among these Pagan people *un certain usage de pruderie quasi generalement etabli et je ne scaj quelle vielle tradition de continence, qui passe de mere en fille comme une espece de Religion.* In short, if Love be a Deity, there are no such damn'd Atheists in the World, as in this strange Climate. 'Tis true, in other places those of the fair Sex, may be too profuse in their offerings, but as the Divines rightly observe, Superstition is better than Prophaneness. Those few here that pretend to own his power, pay their oblations to him with as ill a will, as a breaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous principle within, the heart has no share in the sacrifice, and the Soul which in other Countries, loves to assist and go along with the body upon these occasions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradesmans rake-helly Prentice at a Quakers meeting. Not but that there are whores and married Women too in this Country (which may seem to destroy what I have said before) but the latter know no more what Gallantry means than they understand *Arabic*; and the former are such rampant mercenary Devils, that they would lick old *Lucifer's* cloven foot, for a single Gilder. In short, there's not one honest *Rahab* to be found among them, to justify the profession,

and

and Love has ne'r a Court in all the seven Provinces, where a man can be heard in *forma pauperis* : which is a sad thing for us poor Souldiers, that are not over-stock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, those that pass for Maids are such insensible things, that one may succeed much sooner in his pretensions elsewhere, than he can here make himself understood ; or, to express my self in the language of *Westminster hall*, one may get his Cause tryed, enter upon the Premises, and levy a Fine elsewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him use all the art he can. The young fellows are made of the same unthinking Clay, they sometimes talk of the flames of Love, but 'tis so as we at this distance of time talk of the fire of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no evacuation is so refreshing as a Belch, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a mans courting but Money.

Guess then what a dismal pennance I have undergone in this wicked place ; but now, Heaven be praised, my persecution is like to be at an end, for next week we are order'd to joyn the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good store of Champaign, and to make my self amends out of the female recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battel and

Murder, Bloodshed and Desolation, Fire and Faggot; in fine, any thing but *Dutch Women*, and the curse of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your most obliged Servant.

LETTER XI.

To a young Lawyer that dabbl'd in Poetry.

S I R,

YOur friends in the Country, understanding to their grief, that you are infected with Verse-making, by the same token that the spots of *Parnassus* have broke out upon you in several Love-Sonnets, and a Pindaric Ode upon the *Peace*, they have desired me, whom they knew to labour under the same distemper formerly, to attempt your Cure, with the same prospect, I suppose, as the people of *Spain* and *Italy* employ the Priests to exorcise the Devil, because they are best acquainted with him. Take it therefore for an undoubted truth, that

Law

Law and Poetry are as incompatible as War and Plenty, and that the Lawyer and Poet can no more inhabit in the same person, than a Beau and a Chimney-sweeper. The Law proposeth interest for its end, and that consideration makes its Thistles palatable; but you'll find your self damnably mistaken, if you think to advance your self by the Muses. After you have spent your whole age in their service, you must not expect to have your Arrears paid so much as in Malt-Tickets, or Exchequer-Notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs Tattle alias Fame, the veryest Coquette that ever was, and that prating Gossip will sham you with an Immortality-Ticket forsooth, which is not to become due to you, till you are laid asleep in a Church-yard; and neither you, nor your Heirs will be a farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine Sisters above-mentioned, will not only disappoint your expectations as to a reward, but will engross all your favours, and suffer no Rivals to interfere with them. Like the *East India* Women, they'll expect you shou'd prove constant, and bestow no marks of benevolence elsewhere, otherwise conclude to be poison'd by them, and made incapable of any thing else; and nothing you know is so furious as the revenge of a discarded Mistress. If you design to touch at the most advantageous Port in the land of

Poetry, call'd the Theatre, consider how visible the dangers, and how unsuitable the returns are. To please the Ladies, you must take care to lard the Dialogue with store of luscious stuff, which the Righteous call Bawdy : To please our new Reformers you must have none, otherwise gruff *Jeremy* will be upon your bones. In short, a Poet has as hard a task on't to manage, as a Passive Obedience Divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of *January*. Then to sit with an aking heart for three long hours behind the Scenes, within an inch of damnation all the while, tho you should come off never so victorious, can you imagine the succeeding pleasure can make you amends for so much pain and anguish. But you fancy the *Indies* are lodg'd in *Drury-lane*; and that the *Spanish* Plate-Fleet is not to be compar'd to a good third day. To undeceive you then, the Theatre is not so overstockt with ungodly Mammon, as you may believe. *Rablaïs* somewhere saith, that the very shadow of an Abbey Steeple is enough to get a woman with Child ; and I can tell you for your comfort, that the shadow of the Theatre is starving ; and the air of it as naturally produces poverty, as that of the hundreds in *Essex* begets Agues. There was a Woollen-draper in the *Strand*, that unhappily dreamt but of a Candle-snuffer of the House, who is at least four removes from a Poet, and the poor fellow broke within a week after.

So

So then, if you have the fear of Interest before your eyes, stick close to the Law, and let Poetry go the Devil. *Ovid* will be an everlasting testimony of this truth to all ages of the world. His Father, like a wise old Gentleman, design'd him for the Bar, but the giddy Fop flung up that profession, and set up for a Wit ; but observe, I beseech you, what he got by the exchange. By some of his foolish Verses he drew the Emperors displeasure upon himself, who sent him a grazing to teach him more manners, and so he liv'd a miserable fugitive, *in partibus infidelium*, where he had leisure enough to curse the versifying Planet which betray'd him to these extremities. One or two perhaps in the compass of six thousand years have made their fortunes by it, but is this any encouragement for you to betake yourself to *Apollo's* high road? What man of ordinary sense wou'd hazard his All in a Lottery, in hopes of meeting a Benefited Ticket, where he has forty thousand to one odds against him. Besides, Business and Poetry agree as ill together as Faith and Reason, which two latter, as has been judiciously observ'd by the fam'd Tub-drubber of *Covent-garden*, can never be brought to set their Horses together. Those poor Rogues, that do *Apollo's* drudgery, like the Servants that belong to Dr Ch——n's Land Office, must e'n take their labour for their pains, for *Apollo* and the Dr

pay no wages; and they agree in this too, that Paper passes with both for Ready Money.

On the other hand, the Law has all the baits you can think of to take you. Crowds of Clients to dance attendance at your Chamber every morning. Wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attain'd with a few qualifications; nothing but a strong pair of Bellows, call'd Lungs, and a Forehead of the *Corinthian* Order, are required. So that if you abandon forich a foil, to starve upon a barren Common, the very Stones in *Westminster-hall*, like the blood of the Recorders Horses, will rise up in judgment against you. After all, if you are not master of Philosophy enough to set your self at liberty, and cannot entirely shake off the Rhiming disease, let me advise you as a friend, to trespass that way in private; let not your Mistress, nor so much as your Bottle-companion know any thing of the matter, but when the Writing fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent circumspection, as discreet Thieves when they are going to commit Burglary. Otherwise you must lie under the scandal of being thought a disaffected man to *Cook* and *Littleton*, and if that shou'd arrive to my Lord Chief Justices ears, good night to your practice. This is all that I have at present to say upon this head, who am

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER XII.

From a Vintner in the City, to a young
Vintner in *Covent-Garden*.

By Mr. M—

Cousin John,

YOU have done two very adventurous things of late. You have taken a new House, and a new Wife, and all in the compass of a week: not having the fear of some late Acts of Parliament before your eyes, which have made House-keeping so very chargeable. After this convincing proof of your boldness, should you take a Lion by the Whiskers, it would not surprize me. For, Cousin, to deal plainly with you, you have set up in a very perilous time, when 'tis fall of the Leaf with poor Tradesmen all the year round. The Taxes run high, but never was there such an ebb of Money since the Creation. Drunkenness, the Lord be praised, notwithstanding all that the new

new Reformers have done to it, still makes a shift to maintain its ground : If it leaves one liquor, it takes up with another, like the Sea, which, what it loses in one place, gains somewhere else. All the Nation, to give them their due, wou'd be drunk if they cou'd, to forget their sorrows; but alas, not one quarter of the Nation can afford to be at the expence of it. The situation of things being thus at this present writing, you ought to manage your self with more than ordinary discretion, if you intend to make a figure in this transitory world.

In the first place, lay it down for a fundamental rule, never to trust, or at least as seldom as you can. But when you commit that folly, let it not be with men, who are protected by their dignity or character, or (what will not be unseasonable advice. to one that lives in *Covent garden*) with the Wits, who are protected from paying by their poverty. The less Faith you have for other people, the more Charity you shew for your self; for let the P—sons say what they I will, never knew man of any profession justified by Faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful way, and when you have got an Estate then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your sins with Heaven by building of an Hospi-

Hospital, according to the laudable and ancient practice of the City. If you have a mind to be fav'd by your Faith take my advice, do it by wholesale, but never by small parcels. In the mean time get Money and promote Trade, for that (as a wise Alderman long ago observ'd) is the Law and the Prophets.

Secondly, consider, that the Trade of a Vintner is a perfect mystery, (for that is the term the Law bestows upon it,) now as all mysteries in the world are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible terms, so you must take care to christen your Wines by some hard Names, the farther fetcht so much the better, and this policy will serve to recommend the most execrable Stumm in all your Cellar. A plausible name to an indifferent Wine, is what a gaudy title is to a Fop, or fine Cloaths to a Woman, it helps to conceal the defects it has, and bespeaks the world in its favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own Nation, for the honour of old *England* be it spoken, and provided the imposition is not too bare-fac'd, will meet you half way with all their hearts. I could name several of our brethren to you, who now stand fair to sit in the Chair of Justice, and sleep in their Golden Chains at Church, that had been forc'd to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this artifice. It has fav'd the
Sun

Sun from being eclipsed, the *Crown* from being abdicated, the *Rose* from Decaying, the *Fountain* from being drawn dry, and both the *Devils* from being confined to utter darkness. If your own invention is so barren, that it wants to be assisted, or you have not Geography enough to christen your Wines your self, I advise you to buy a Map of *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, and *Italy*, and there you will find names of places, fit for your purpose, and the more uncommon they are, they'll be the more taking. Neither is this piece of policy only practiced in our, but in most other Trades. A Bookseller to help the sale of a dull Pamphlet, will spruce it up with a most glorious Title, and tell you the Edition is almost sold off, when he has five hundred lying dead upon his Hands. A Perfumer will pretend that his Essences came from *Montpellier*, or *Florence*, tho he made them at home. The Glover talks of *Cordova*, and the Mercer of *Naples*, till their Lungs are foundered, when both their Commodities were of *London* extraction. And what harm is there in all this? If the people cannot be pleased otherwise, we must in our own defence act as the *Nonconformist* Divines do, and humour them in their folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipietur*, was the saying of a Churchman, who understood the World so well, that he would have made an admirable Vintner, had he thought it worth his while.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, don't forget to commend your Wine, for those very qualities, that your customers find fault with it, like the Poets of the Town, who always justify those passages in their Plays, for which the Criticks condemn them. For example; if they say 'tis sower or harsh; why, Gentlemen 'tis the nature of true French Wine to be so; if they tell you 'tis small, you must reply that it has a concealed body; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and strong, you may stop their mouths, by saying 'tis so much the fitter for our Climate, and that a Frieze Coat is not false Latin in *England*, whatever it may be in a warmer Country. At other times it will not be amiss to shift your Sails, and use another Conduct. As for instance, A company of well-drest Gentlemen come to your House, and in respect to their quality and gaudy outsidés, you draw 'em the best Wine in your Vaults. Plhaw, says one, what the Devil have you brought us here? damn it, cries another, this stuff is not fit to be served at a Porter's Burial. Then you may harangue them to the following Tune. Why Gentlemen, this Wine, an't please you, tho it displeases you so much, has the good fortune to be lik'd by other Palates. There's Sir *John Squander*, and my Lord *Topewell*, and twenty more I could mention, Senators. and men of understanding, that drink their Gallons of it every night: But to say the truth, 'tis not, between friends,
true

true Orthodox. I find your Palats are extraordinary, so I will go down my self, and bring you the Flower of *Europe*, tho I say it. A small parcel of it came over t'other day: it only grows in one Vineyard belonging to the *Monks*, a plague on 'em I have forgot the place, the greatest part was bought for the Kings use, against a publick entertainment, and the Merchant befriended me with the rest. But for God sake Gentlemen speak not a word of this, to any of my Customers, you shall have of it for your own Company as long as it lasts, but if ever this should be known to my Lord, and Sr *John*, and the W— Country Parlia—nt men, that come to my House, I am undone for ever, therefore I hope you'll be secret. Then fly down stairs like Lightning, bring up a Flask of the worst VVine you have, take off the Oyl nicely, and present the Glas to one of these judicious Gentlemen. Now observe how the Scene is alter'd. A plague on't, why this will do, says the first. Do? cries the second, spirting it critically upon the floor, this is fit for Angels, and not poor sinful Mortals. Why, *Jack*, says the third, this is exactly the same Wine you and I used to make merry with on the other side the *Alpes*. An't please the Lord, cries the fourth, I'll get my full dose on't to night. Master, we are oblig'd to you. Here Drawer, bring me up a Napkin; and then a good Supper is bespoke, and drunkenness ensues.

A certain Brother of the Quill, that does not live full a hundred miles from the *Exchange*, has got a brave Estate by this very trick, therefore see you put it in practice. There are a thousand other stratagems to be used in our profession, but should I pretend to recount but half of them here, I should make this more tedious than a Pastoral Letter. A little time and experience will soon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my hands to do, but to answer the Scruples you proposed to me in your last ; which I will dispatch with all the brevity I am master of. You desire to know whether a Vintner may take advantage of people when they are in their Cups, and reckon more than they have had. To which I answer in the affirmative, that you may, provided it be done in the way of Trade, and not for any sinister end. This case has been so adjudg'd many years ago in Vintner's Hall, and you may depend upon't. Don't you see how in all other Trades they never scruple to make a penny of a Customer's ignorance, (else how could the Bookseller in *Paul's Church-yard*, have palm'd *Ogilby's Fables* with Cuts, upon a Country Wench for a Common-prayer Book, and told her that *Æsop* with his Beasts about him, was *Adam* in Paradise) and is not drunkenness, while it continues upon a man, a state of ignorance ;

rance ; Besides, is it not a sin, 'a heinous sin ? and ought not we that are in some measure accessory to it, to mortify and punish it, and does any thing more disturb the Conscience of an *English*-man, than to make his pocket do penance ? After all, if the fraud is discover'd (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no) the Master of the House is not at all affected by it. A Vintner, like the King, can do no wrong. The Bar indeed may mistake, the Drawers may be Sons of Whores, and mis-reckon, but a Master is not to be damn'd for the transgressions of his Servants. Even General Councils with the Pope at the head of them are not infallible. *Humanum est errare*, the poor woman at the Bar is but just come out of the Country, or the noise of the Bell, or the hurry of business distracted her. Gentlemen, to make you amends I'll call for my Quart : I'd not do an ill thing for the Universe ; and thus the Farce concludes.

In the next place you would know how you ought to govern your self in relation to lewd Women that Gentlemen bring to your House : to which I reply ; That as Men that have Wives are commanded to live as if they had none, so in this wicked Town, a Vintner that has Eyes must behave himself as if he had them not, and sometimes too he must have no Ears, otherwise *damn'd Rogue*, and *Cuckoldly Villain* would make but ill music in them. So long as all this serves
for

or the promoting of Trade, for my part I think there's no great sin in it; this I am sure of, that if it were not for this practice, our Neighbours the Apothecaries and Chirurgeons would fairly starve; and you know we shou'd love our Neighbours as our selves. The worst effect it produces, is in respect to our Wives and Daughters; it sets their mouths a watering, and often makes them wish to be in the Harlot's place: I once knew a Vintners big-bellied Wife, that having taken notice of a painful Whore, who by the sweat of her Brows, had earn'd fifteen pints of White-wine one night with fifteen several Men, went ill from the Bar, and nothing would serve her turn, but she must be deliver'd in the very Chair that had assisted so much Fornication. But you'll say 'tis against your Conscience. Cousin John, you are a young beginner in the world, therefore follow my direction, and clap a muzzle upon your Conscience. When you have got twenty thousand pound in your pocket, you may take off the Muzzle, if you think fit, and leave it to itself. Then you may shut up your doors at nine, look as discreetly as the gravest Hypocrite in the City, forbid singing of Catches in your house, deliver a Gill of Wine through the little Wicket only on the Lord's Day, call the *Sunday* the Sabbath, strut to the Parish Church at the head of half a dozen notched Drawers lugging a Ge-

new Bible between them, and take the Sermon in Short-hand, as many of your Predecessors when they thought they were wealthy enough to deserve damnation, have done before you. This is all, from

Your affectionate Kinsman,

L E T T E R XIII.

To my Lady--- that marry'd an old decrepit Widower.

Madam,

YOU have used yourself with greater cruelty than the most barbarous Tyrant durst have done, had it been your ill fortune to come within his power. *Algiers* itself inflicts no such punishment upon its vilest Slaves as you have voluntarily and freely imposed upon yourself. *Mezentius*, so execrable in History
for

for tying the living to the dead, reserved this inhumane usage only for his Enemies: As brutal as he was, he never dreamt of using his friends in that manner, much less himself. Yet you, Madam, have thought fit to practise it upon one, who to my knowledge deserved a better treatment at your hands.

All the Town was melancholy upon the news, but especially those who are in the Interests of Beauty, lamented as heartily, as some pious people do when they hear of a Christian Town fallen into the hands of the Infidels. And that we fear is your case, for if a man has no other way of shewing his Faith but by his Works, 'tis concluded by all sides that your lot is fallen upon a person who is as nearly related to an Infidel, as an Informer is to a Villain.

I have lately read over some of the old Martyrologies, where innumerable instances are to be found of persons of both Sexes, who in a fit of devotion practised strange austerities; but none of them come up to you, even of those, who, for the singular mortification they enjoyn'd themselves, have been advanced to the Calendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent instances of young Virgins that have leapt into the flames to make profession of their belief, and courted death in its most terrible mein, as eagerly as other Women do a Coronet and a Title. Some have at-

tended the sick in Hospitals, and in the midst of affluence and plenty, have deny'd themselves the conveniences of life, and mortify'd in Sack-cloth. Some after the Priest has done his office, have refus'd to receive the lawful tribute of Matrimony, and some have oblig'd themselves to a perpetual silence, which is certainly self-denial enough in a Woman. Others have injur'd their own Beauty to preserve themselves from the Courtship of their Lovers, or from the lust of Tyrants. But, alas, what proportion does this bear to what you have done? Death puts a period to all our miseries: but you have given a greater proof of your constancy, by resolving to live. You have confin'd your self to a walking Infirmary, and nothing but providence can give you a discharge. You have sacrific'd your youth and beauty, to one that can enjoy neither, nor will suffer others to do it for him, like the modern Library-keeper of St. *James's*, he will neither peruse your Manuscript, the fairest in the world, nor lend it to others who can make a better use of it. In short, there's never a Ghost in *Glanville* or *Aubry*, if he met him a Church-yard, but would take him for his Brother Spectre. You, and your Husband between you, really undergo two of the severest punishments which antiquity believ'd to be in Hell. He, like *Tantalus*, sees the Fruit everlastingly before him, which he is not in a capacity

capacity of tasting. You, like *Sisyphus*, take an infinite deal of pains to no purpose, to roll a Stone every night, which is no sooner *up*, but it *falls* down of itself, and will do so to the end of the Chapter.

Tho I need not exaggerate your own torments to you, who are so well acquainted with 'em, yet as a Divine sometimes explains the effects of Drunkenness to his Parish that know them as well as himself, give me leave to lay down part of the persecution you undergo before your Eyes, that through you the world may know what you endure.

The night approaches, but the night which bountifully rewards the pains of other Lovers, proves but the beginning of your misery. Even the Bed, where all the marry'd world besides find happiness, or at least a relaxation from their pain, is the Scene where you suffer most emphatically. That old solemn piece of antiquity, call'd your Husband, leads you to this place of real Martyrdom, but no execution, with his head muffled up in an infinity of Caps, and his Lungs, lest Musick should be wanting to the entertainment, are sure to serenade you all night long. Thus he disturbs your repose, but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his Cargo of Wine in his guts, he snores by your side as heartily, as *Garagantua* and the Monks in

Rabelais do after they have rocked themselves asleep, with singing the penitential Psalms. But if in spite of impotence and age, he pretends to disturb you with his vigour, his shot scarce reaches the Walls of the Fortrefs. Thus your fate is just the reverse of *Semeles*; she generously expir'd in the arms of the Thunderer, whereas your tumbler chills you with his warmest embraces; his very flames gives you an Ague fit, and like the weather we have had of late, his Summer has a spice of Winter in it. The mischief on't is, that every day will leave him a worse practitioner than other, and time, which uses to soften other hardships, will daily make yours more insupportable.

What is it then that cou'd induce your Ladyship to pitch upon so rigorous a penance, which your very Enemies, (were it possible for you to have any) wou'd never have impos'd upon you? Since your Body can be no gainer by this wicked match, one would imagin you did it for the benefit of your Soul; but Religion produces no such miracles in this age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough now if people stick to it while they get by the bargain; for few, very few, even of those that wear her Cloath and eat her Bread, will be losers for her.

'Tis, in short, the desire of unrighteous Mammon that has drawn this servitude upon you.

you. You took this nauseous Pill only for the sake of the gilding. That pale-fac'd mettall, to purchase which our Merchants ransack every corner of the world, make you take up with this leaky batter'd Vessel; but with this difference, that whereas they are at liberty to shift their Climate as they see fit, you have confin'd yourself to the Latitude of 70, and have settled in a Country, which is eternally cover'd with Snow, and affords no prospect of a Spring. All that your humble Servants can do, is to wish that your Tyrants Reign may be but of short continuance,, which is the daily prayer of ———

Lyfander.

L E T T E R X I V .

June 2. 92.

To Mr P—

Jucundissime Willielme

Ni te plus oculis meis amarem.

IF I did not love you better than our 'Statesmen do a new Plot, a Fop a new Fashion, and the Wou'd-be-wits at *Wills* do a new Criticism, I wou'd never leave a parcel of honest fellows that are now dusting it about, to retire to a corner by my self, and send you the transactions of *Hartfordshire*.

So much by way of Preface, without which even a Letter to a Friend now adays, not to mention those unwieldy things call'd Epistles Dedicatory, is thought as naked, as an Arch-deacon's Hat would be thought by the Country people, without a Rose in't.

I have now pass'd just two tedious months in the Country, and cannot forbear now and then to cry out, with a little alteration from the words of our beloved *Horace*,

*O urbs quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Phyllide nunc pulchra, nunc Bacchi divite succo
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ !*

The effects of this cursed War appear no where so lamentably as they do in these parts of the world. In *London* you only find it in your Gazettes and News papers. You have the Play-house to divert you, and the Taverns are as much crowded as ever. Here we have company indeed, and drink; but when we consider how much the latter is degenerated from what it was in the time of Peace, it palls our mirth, and we are as heavy-hearted as the *Jews* of old were at the sight of their Second Temple.

The Wine, in those few places where we find it, is so intolerably bad, that tho 'tis good for nothing else, 'tis a better argument for Sobriety, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford. My Companion, *Jack Freeman*, who you know is a Libertine in his nature, says it ought to be employ'd only in sacred uses, for whatever preparation it deserves before-hand, it never fails of giving a man a weeks repentance afterwards. The Duce take me, if in some of

My

my fallen moments I don't envy a *London Fly*, I don't mean an inhabitant of *Smithfield* or *Wapping*, but one that tipples in a creditable Tavern somewhere about the *Exchange* or *Temple-bar*. Where this sorry stuff is not to be had, we are forc'd in our own defence to take up with Punch; but the ingredients are as long a summoning, as a Captain wou'd be recruiting his Regiment. In my conscience the King might sooner get a Convocation of honest dis-interested Church-men together. We must send to a Market-Town five mile off for Sugar and Nutmeg, and five mile beyond that for rotten Lemons. Water itself is not to be had without travelling a league for't, and an unsanctify'd Kettle supplies the place of a Bowl. Then when we have mix'd all these noble ingredients, which, generally speaking, are as bad as those the Witches in *Mackbeth* jumble in the Caldron together to make a Charm, we fall too contentedly, and sport off an afternoon. 'Tis true, our heads suffer for't next morning, but what is that to an o'd Soldier? We air our selves next morning on the Common, and the sin and the pain are forgotten together.

At other times we do penance in stale *March-beer*, which fills and clogs, but never in spires. If it gives any mirth, 'tis sickly and faint like the light one receives from burnt Brandy and our smiles like those of the moody *Almanzor* in the Play, are hardly to be distinguish'd from

from a frown. This course of life we led till our stock was all exhausted at home, and then 'twas with us in the case of drink, what it was formerly between *Mahomet* and the Mountain upon another occasion. If the drink won't come to us, we must e'en go to the drink, and that we do with a witness; for we make longer pilgrimages to a Tub of Ale, than a Jesuit would undergo to make a Royal Convert. Our director in these matters is an honest Parson of the neighbourhood, one that has made a shift to get a red Nose and a double Chin in the service of the Church, tho he has but thirty pound a year, and to keep his Palate orthodox, and still in tune, he carries the tip of a dry'd Neat's tongue always in his pocket. He has some acquaintance with Books and Critical Learning, and pretends to have discover'd a false reading in *Minutius Felix*, which has hitherto escap'd all the *German* Commentators. 'Tis that famous passage *non magna loquimur sed vivimus*. He says and proves it by the context, that it ought to be *bibimus*, and has brought us all to be of his opinion. In short, you may talk of your Secretaries of State and Ministers as long as you please, but he's a person of the most universal intelligence I had ever the honour to be acquainted with. No sooner does one Tub decline, but he has his Emissaries to tell him when another is fit to bleed; and thus ten mile round him.

Then

Then we Saddle our Horses, and make as much haste to examine the Vessel, as a Messenger does to seize a Delinquent come from *France*.

Having thus tir'd you with our drinking, you expect, I suppose, to have an account of our Women. I was five days in this Family, before I saw one female face. Whatever the matter is, they are as shy of being seen by a *Londoner*, as a *Dutch Trooper*, the modestest animal in the Universe, is of meeting a *French Dragoon* in *Flanders*. But to other morning, as I walk'd in the Garden, I heard a squeaking Treble murder a Play house tune, at least as old as herself; however it was new here; and presently after, a thing in a Commode look'd out of the Window, but as merrily as King *Charles* the Second peeps out of the Royal Oak in a Country Sign. The Governess of the Castle at last believ'd we were no Monsters, and resolv'd to give us the honour of her Company. I never saw so diminutive a Creature in my days; when she came into the Dining-room between her two strapping Daughters, that were at least 6 Foot high, she look'd, methinks, like a pair of Snuffers between two Monument Candlesticks. After the first salutation was over, she complain'd of the Taxes, and the sins of the age, that occasion'd them; but for all her Sanctity, the old Gentlewoman thought it no sin it seems, to paint; which she had laid

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laid on as thick as an Author does flattery in a Dedication. The *Fucus* had bestow'd some red upon her Cheeks, by the same token it made them guilty of a piece of false Chronology. It made a resemblance of youth amongst furrows and wrinkles; so I could not help thinking upon some of *Varelt's* pieces, where you see Winter and Summer flowers, that never grow together, joyn'd in one Picture. But for all that, 'twas a very godly discreet old Lady. She ask'd us a thousand questions about the Funds, and the Lotteries, and whether she might dispose her Money safely to the Government? No doubt on't, Madam, The Confederates and we are a hundred thousand strong in *Flanders*. Besides, *Ruffel* has play'd the Devil with them at Sea. The Messieurs one of these days will come upon their knees to supplicate for a Peace. And so we parted for that time.

A few days (after, this old Lady desired *Jack Freman* and me to bear her and her daughters company to a Wedding in the neighbouring Village. At the very mention of a Wedding we rejoyced as much as the people in *Cornwall* do at the news of a wreck. So down we went to the Farmer's House, whose heir apparent was to be matrimonially bound to his good behaviour. The Bride was a fat fresh coloured wench, well built and ruddy, and a great pains-taker

taker (to use *Harry Higden's* word) I dare warrant for her. The Husband Elect look'd somewhat grum upon the matter, as knowing how much business he had upon his hands. To be short, we saw 'em conducted to the Enchanted Castle, where the sacred Magician perform'd his office; when he came to the terrible words you wot of, the Bridegroom look'd as pale as a Parson that preaches a stoln Sermon at a Visitation; and the Bride, after the laudable custom of her Sex, dropt a few precious tears, and wip'd them off with her handkerchief. From thence we came back to the old place of Rendezvous, where one wou'd have thought the whole Country was assembled to behold the Ceremony; but 'tis an old commendable custom of your mothers all *England* over to bring their Daughters to such a sight, to prepare them for what they must undergo another day; as your Keepers call in their young Dogs at the plucking down of a Stag, to enter them. All Dinner time the Bridegroom and Bride ogled one another like *Adam* and *Eve* in an old Bible-Cut. When that was over, we remov'd into the yard, where we shak'd our heels in *Fresco*, and towards the close of the afternoon were interrupted by a parcel of Country fellows, with a Fiddle at the head of them, who gave us a spice of their abilities under an Elm-tree. When I first saw them move, they gave me an image of *Lucretius's* Atoms,

Atoms, and how they jumbled and interfered in the Vacuum. I cou'd not forbear to make another reflexion upon it, which shows upon what chimerical grounds people build their satisfaction. These fellows by the pure instinct of Nature, did what Mr *Dogget* has learnt to do with pains and long imitation. Yet Mr *Dogget* pleases, and we shou'd hiss these off the Stage for Scoundrels and Blockheads.

A little before Supper we had a 'cession of Fiddles, and our old Lady, whose Piety and Piflic made her equally troublesome to herself and all the world besides began the discourse with complaining of the strange debaucheries of the men, and to shew her wonderful charity was pleas'd to affirm, that not one man in five hundred that had been bred at *London*, but had pass'd the Chirurgeons hands two or three times before the day of Marriage. Well, the Lord be praised, says a Gentlewoman newly marry'd that sat next her, I have no reason to complain of my Husband, he is no drunkard, make me thankful for't, nor given to lewd Company, and what few of my neighbours can say, I am sure he never knew any Woman before my self. Sure on't, cries *Jack Freeman*, rising up and bowing to her. For Heaven's sake, Madam, how was it possible? For *Moses*, Madam — Pugh! Says she, what do ye tell me of *Moses* — With submission, Madam, *Moses* was an honest Gentleman, and tho
he

he has set down certain marks by which a Man may know whether his Wife comes a Maid to him——Lord what stuff is here——Yet he nowhere instructs the Women to know whether the Men have been trespassing before——No matter for that——Did you believe him then upon his own word——I won't tell you whether I did or no——Or did you discover him to be a Virgin, as we do a raw undisciplin'd Souldier——How is that——Why, Madam, by the awkward handling of his Arms, and making his attacks irregularly. With that all the men fell a laughing, and the women blusht behind their Fans. But this was not enough for *Jack Freeman*, for with an assurance equal to that of a thorough-pac'd Evidence, tho he never saw this womans Husband in his life before, yet, as if he had been one of his old intimate acquaintance, he thus went on——Indeed Madam I can't tell what stories Mr *N*—— might tell you of his own Virtue, and all that, but I knew him perfectly well at the University. He and I, Madam, were of the same College; I believe we have drank this room full of Bottled Ale together, and we took him for no Saint there. There went a scurvy report of him, but I won't justifie it, because Fame's a common Harlot, and a Lyar *ab initio*. But the report, was I remember, that he was very great with his Bed-maker. No tawdry young Creature, I must do him
that

but a justice grave stayed discreet person. A Venerable old Matron upon my word, and fit to have made a Wife for *Burgersdicius*, if ever you heard of him. She wore about her a girdle, some threescore and ten Keys, which when she walked made as delicious Music as a Carriers Bells. And Madam we had a Tradition amongst us, that he seduced this antient Person with Nine-pence; in hard mony, and a pair of blue worsted Stockins, but God forbid, that I should affirm this, yet for all I know, it may be true. For, Madam, all flesh is frail. Upon this the Company laughed as heartily as before; the poor Gentlewoman looked blank in the mouth, but Supper came very seasonably to her relief. So to eating we fell, then the fiddles struck up and we danced till ten. At which time the old people, taking the Bride's case into their pious consideration, whose concupiscence had stood upon tip-toes ever since the Parson had put her into the Church-pound, took her up stairs, and as Mr. *Otway* says, disshed her neatly in bed. What happen'd afterwards you may easily guess.

'Tis a sign you don't know when you are well, otherwise you wou'd not long so furiously to be here only upon the score of the Country Nymphs, as you call them; for I dare engage you'd soon with yourself at home again. A raw Wench here in the Country, not to recount to

Q

you

you a thousand other impertinences, before you can bring her to bear, will put you to the Devil and all of expence in perjury. All which is sav'd in *London*. The Women there are better bred than to ask it of you, or else know the world too well to depend upon't. Produce but the half piece, and they trouble their heads no farther about you. But here you must run through as strict a scrutiny, as if you were to take a post of the greatest trust in the Government—And my Dear will you be everlastingly true to me—No doubt on't Child—But when you've serv'd your turn you'll leave me for some body else—But indeed I won't—It would break my heart if you shou'd—Never fear it—Swear then, my Dear—Why there's no occasion—But you shall swear, dear Rogue, now your Honey bids you, or—So then you are oblig'd to part with as many Oaths in a moment, as would handsomely maintain one of the Kings Majestys Garrisons for a twelve-month. Now this is very hard upon the Subject, especially the tender-conscienc'd. Nay, to give you the last proof of their ill breeding, in the critical minute of joy, when they ought to be all rapture and contemplation, then, even then, when they shou'd be wrapt up in holy silence, they'll ask you a thousand foolish questions, as *mal a propos*, as if one shou'd interrupt a Popish Priest at the Elevation, and ask him what

a

a clock it is. You complain that the Damofels with you dress too fine, and that a pretty woman, set out in all the advantages of art, is too luscious a dish to feed upon, and as bad as Sack and Sugar. I can answer for no body's palat but my own: and cannot help saying with the fat Knight in *Harry the Fourth*. If Sack and Sugar is a sin, the Lord have mercy on the wicked.

During my stay in these parts, I have reconcil'd my self to all the sports of the Country, but Fox-hunting. They have got me out twice upon that account, but if ever they get me again, I'll give them leave to hang me. For my part, I believe some Priest first invented it, because it requires so much implicit Faith, and the drudgery is so stupid. A man must venture his neck for a thing he never sees, and when he has got it, 'tis not worth his while. And this doctrine I daily preach to the Gentlemen, but they mind me no more than the Bankers in *Lumbardstreet* did the zealous *David Jones* declaiming against Usury.

Thus I have plagu'd you with a tedious long Letter, which I have not patience enough to look over again, and going to make excuses for it, am interrupted by the following Compliments—What a plague are you doing all this while by yourself—Here we have scor'd you ten Glasses—Come, or we shall lay a heavier fine upon you—Thus I am forc'd to conclude with subscribing my self,

Your Humble Servant.

LETTER XV.

To Sir John ***

From the Crown.

WE are at the Tavern, and have your case under our present consideration. 'Tis concluded on all hands that you can neither justify your present way of living to yourself, nor yet to the publick, which ought to be of some regard with all lovers of their Country. You are got into the modern foppery of Keeping, and behold what are the sentiments of this honourable board about it.

Mr who you know is a Poet, deliver'd himself in the language of his Profession. He maintain'd that, whatever the wicked world thought to the contrary, a Miss was as much inferiour to a Wife, as the *Pindaric* Muse is to the *Epic*; that one is a Whore without Stayes, whereas the other is a civil well-bred person, that always wears them.

Mr who is likewise a Son of *Parnassus*, desir'd me to tell you, that a Miss and a Wife dit-

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fer only as a single Epigram, and a large Collection of Poems, viz. that a man sooner rids his hands of one than the other. But that, as *Martial* has long ago declar'd his opinion in the latter case,

Quid prodest brevitās, dic mihi, si liber est.

That is to say, what the plague is a man the better for the shortneſs of a Distich, if he obliges himself to read a whole Cart-load of them; so he desires to know where lies the mighty advantage of a Whore above a lawful Spouse, if the Spark keeps constant to her; and if he does not, where is the sense of keeping her in pay.

Mr exprest himself against the predominant sin of Keeping, to this effect. Of all the vices the present age is to answer for, nothing comes near it, and yet the Sots make merry with Marriage; which is full as ridiculous as if Dr *Chamberlain* should laugh at the Bank of *England* for paying people in Paper. If Marriage is expensive, Keeping is certainly more, and with less pretence. I knew, says he, a Gentleman that lov'd Gaming as he did his eyes. One night he lost a hundred and fifty Guinea's at the *Groom-Porter's*. When he came home he found his Lady in the Parlour, with two Candles burning before her. Lord! Wife, says he, what a strange extravagance is this: Two Candles lighted at a time, and house-keeping so chargeable? But he forgot,

it seems, what his shaking of his elbow had cost him that evening. This is the case of all Keepers; what our Churchmen charge the Dissenters with, is actually true of them, they startle at a Gnat, but can swallow an Elephant.

Right, says *Harry* . . . Keeping is the greatest Solecism a man of pleasure can commit, If the Gallant is true to his Mistress, it has all the Phlegm, and if he is fond of her, all the expence of Matrimony. In short, I have an equal aversion to Marriage and Keeping. They differ only like *Holbourn* and *Cornhill*: Both are streets. But to do Sir *John* justice, the latter is nothing near so long as the former.

That is as it happens, crys virtuous Mr: . . for I can show you several persons about the Town that parted fairly with their Wives before the first month was over, and yet cou'd endure to cohabit with their Harlots many years. But imagination governs all these matters. For my part, I think of Women as I do of Books, the finest of both sorts will hardly endure a thorough examination. If they find more favour than this, they may thank the Courteous Reader for it, who sees more in them than they deserve. I remember I took Mr *Waller* and Sir *John Denham* last Vacation down with me into the Country. I read them over, and what was a consequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a man of a vicious palate, but I can't help that.

Be-

Before I came to Town I was glad to borrow Wesley's execrable Poem of the Parion of the Parish, only for variety.

Tho I am not wholly of your opinion, says Mr to him, yet I agree with you that Keeping is nonsense all over, and that for a reason which none of you have yet assign'd. Sir Henry Wootton's Definition of an Ammassador in part belongs to him. *Legatus est vir bonus ad mentiendum foris Reip. gratia.* And a Keeper is a good man to maintain a pretty woman in fine Cloaths, handsome Lodgings, and all that, for the public benefit of the Commonwealth.

Mr the Merchant is in our company, who has travell'd abroad, and seen the world: He says that a Whore in the Civil State is what Farthings are in the business of Trade, only to be us'd for the convenience of ready Change. But that a Man, that makes a Whore, if not his constant Wife, yet his constant Companion, and a Government that makes Farthings their only current Money, will soon be convinc'd of the vanity of their politicks. And he said *Ireland* was lately a sad instance of the latter.

What vexes me most, says is to hear these Keeping Coxcombs magnifie themselves upon their discretion. I save charges by it, crys one—

Yes, replies his neighbour, they are as much savers by the bargain, as one that goes down to *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to save his expences in

Town. Bat since this point has been spoken to already, I will say no more to it. Only give me leave, Gentlemen, to capp the story of the two Candles, with another like it. A brace of Country Attorneys went into a Tavern one morning to take a whet, and because they had not seen one another for a Term or two, they drank to the tune of eleven Pints. At last one of them call'd for a *French Roll*: Why Brother, says the other, are you not asham'd to inflame the Reckoning? Let the Keepers apply this.

Well, but I scape Confinement by it, says another—I don't know that, says Mr N—— for I think a man is as much a Prisoner by a Gout or Rheumatism of his own begetting, as if the Government had confin'd him. What signifies it a farthing to one in this case, whether the Priest tyes the knot, or he does it himself? 'Tis true, the confinement of Keeping does not last so long as that of Marriage, but it devours more in a month than the other does in a year. It's like falling into the hands of the *Black Rod*, or a *Sergeant of the House*, where the Fees run so high, that you spend more in a few weeks, than wou'd handsomely maintain you in another Prison all your life. But to see by what Chimera's the world is manag'd. Matrimony is Hell in Folio, because it's a charm that can't be dissolved when a man pleases. At the same time those that Keep can sometimes submit to a confinement full as long

long and severe ; yet bear it easily, because forthwith 'tis of their own ordering. This puts me in mind of the famous Citizen of *Paris*, who had passed threescore long years within the City-walls, and never had the least inclination to make a step into the Country. So soon as he heard that his Prince had commanded him never to stir out of it, he discreetly dy'd with the thoughts of being a Prisoner. There are Penitents in *Spain*, who on certain days of mortification lash themselves as heartily as any of our *Newgate* Rogues are whipt by the public Executioner. 'Tis certain the pain and anguish are the same. But one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty Salvos a fruitful imagination can find out

Thus far, Sir *John*, we have given you our thoughts of Keeping in general, without descending to particulars ; but now we come to consider your own case more nearly. To the surprize of all your friends, you have pitch'd upon a Daughter of the Stage, upon an Actress, to show your particular favours to ; and pray be pleas'd to hear what the company thinks of it.

Mr . . . who next to Mr *Rymer* is the best Historian about the Town, says that this transaction of your life will be bound up with the Annals of *Goatam* in the next age ; because to pretend to confine a She-Player to one's self, is altogether of a piece with hedging in a Cuckow.

Mr

Mr . . . the Poet first mentioned, prov'd out of the antient Records of *Parnassus*, that all Actresses belong to those of his Profession; and that if a Lay person pretended to lay his unhallow'd hands upon her, he was guilty of making an Impropropriation, and ought to be indicted in *Apollo's* Spiritual Court.

Mr . . . of the *Temple*, who, tho he never goes to *Westminster*, is nevertheless an Oracle of the Law, pretends that your Case comes within the Statute of Monopolies, that you have done as bad as inclosed a Common, and that all the lovers of *Magna Charta* ought to break down the Fence.

'Tis but fit it should be so, cries another, for he that pretends to confine a Damosel 'of the Theatre to his own use, who by her character is a person of an extended qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least as unnatural a part, as he that wou'd debauch a Nun: that after all, such a Spark rather consults his Vanity than his Love, and wou'd be thought to ingross what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

Captain . . . ended this serious debate. He said, that whoever gave pay to a Woman or a Souldier expected they should prove faithful to him. Now, continued he, to expect fidelity from a Female that has been rais'd up in that Hot Bed call'd a Play-house, is to expect honesty from an Evidence. 'Tis a folly not to be excus'd. 'Tis

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to bottle up Air, like *Shadwell's* Virtuoso. 'Tis to wash a Blackamoor. 'Tis to make *Dr Otes rectus in curia*. 'Tis, in short, to grasp at more than attaining an impossibility; for 'tis impossible to secure any other Woman to your self, but much more an Actress.

Thus we have sent you, *Sir John*, the opinion of the Committee of our whole House upon this occasion. You are desired to consider of it coolly by your self; and when you have so done, if 'tis possible repent; otherwise do like some of our Divines when they contradict what they formerly asserted, and stand buff to it.

Tom would have you meet us to morrow night at the *Rose*, where he pretends to attack you with so many arguments against the Female Sex, that he does not question to make you a Profelyte to the Bottle.

LET-

L E T T E R XVI.

The Answer.

Gentlemen,

I Find I have a whole *Posse Comitatus* to encounter ; but I rely so much upon the goodness of my Cause, that without calling in the assistance of my Brother-Keepers, without giving my self the trouble to repel numbers by numbers, I don't question but that I am able in my own single person to maintain the field against you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other Assemblies, in your opinions : Some of you seem to favour Marriage, but declare against Keeping : Some of you denounce War equally against both, and consequently must set up for Fornication at large. I make this Inference, because my Charity won't suffer me to believe that any of you are such rank Infidels as to discard the Sex by wholesale. If I thought you had any of that complexion among you, yet I should not think it worth my while to dispute them into better sense. 'Tis an old re-
cciv'd

ceiv'd Axiom, you know, that *contra negantem Principia non est disputandum.*

As for the former Gentlemen, I mean those that have some respect for Marriage, but are utter enemies to Keeping, they wou'd oblige me to prove that lying at an Inn, where a man stays no longer than he finds himself well used, and the place agreeable, is half so chargeable or foolish, as staying there all one's life, let the entertainment be what it will. There are certainly degrees in confinement, and the *Fleet* is not altogether so Pagan and uncomfortable a place, as *Sally*, or *Algiers*. Oh! but Imagination governs all these matters. If, as we have frequent instances of it in History, Imagination can kill as effectually as a Blunderbuss loaded with a dozen Bullets, deliver me, I say, from the hands of that Tyrant Imagination. But tho this is answer enough to so trifling an objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove that there's something more than bare Imagination in the case. A Miss's Patent runs *durante bene placito*, and she lyes eternally at the mercy of her Patron. A Wife has a Lease of your Body for term of Life, and has no such obligations upon her to keep within bounds. One like an open Town can make no resistance, and consequently has no Temptation or Interest to rebel. A Wite is a sort of a Garrison, fortify'd by Law and Act of Parliament, which the Sovereign can't dismantle when he pleases. She lies secure behind that unrighteous Bulwark call'd

call'd a *Settlement*, which is made as strong as the *Westminster-hall-Engineers* can contrive it, and tho she's never so plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful Master, and holding an Intelligence with the Enemy, she forfeits neither Life nor Limb; nay, she can challenge a subsistence as long as she lives. This, I think, shews with a witness that there's a vast difference between Marriage and Keeping: but to dismiss this point, were a Wife never so sincere, and never so submissive, yet there's a Duty in the case. Consider what I say Gentlemen, there's duty in the case, in which single word there's dulness and impotence, and death and desolation, and, in short, every thing that inspires horror, and casts a damp upon pleasure. 'Tis as bad as the *Mene Tekel* on the Wall, the very name carries a Palsy with it. It puts people upon unlawful evasions, it makes them think on other folks, when their thoughts shou'd be at home, and leads them to commit downright Adultery in the Nuptial Sheets.

Even that Pink of Courtesie, Sir *John Falstaff* in the Play, who never was a niggard of his Lungs, yet wou'd not answer one word when the *Must* was put upon him. *Were Reasons*, says that affable Knight, *as cheap as Black-berries I wou'd not give you one upon compulsion*, which is but another word for Duty. And now we are upon this Chapter Gentlemen, give me leave to copy from you, and tell you a short story. A Nobleman, who shall be nameless, in King
Charles

Charles the Second's time kept a Chaplain, that was a Rakehell enough in all Conscience. He would break windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and swear, and do all the boisterous things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his cloath. This fellow had not liv'd a full month with my Lord, by the same token that they kept him as hot as a Glass-house all the while, but, weary it seems of his reception, he came staggering into the Room where my Lord was drinking with some friends; ifaith my Lord, says he, you and I must part, before George we must. Why so, Doctor, have not I us'd you with all the civility—You mistake me, my good Lord, I love Drunkenness as well as ever a Peer of you all; but a plague I hate the thoughts of being forc'd to mount the Guard every night, I hate to be confin'd to it. You make Drunkenness a Duty, my Lord, and consequently a Virtue, and I'd have you know I hate all Virtue—Pray let me advise you to think of this at your leisure.

I come now to those worthy Gentlemen, who are against Inclosures of all sorts, and fall upon the first Game they can start. Not to call their judgments in question, which they never put to the expence of choosing for them, I would fain be inform'd why a man shou'd be so foolhardy as to expose himself to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no occasion for it; or what mighty

mighty satisfaction there is in coming off with the loss of an Arm or a Leg, when he might have kept himself safe. Were there no such things as Diseases in the World, and had *Columbus* never discover'd the *Indies*, perhaps I might be reconcil'd to this sort of life: but as I am a profest Disciple of *Epicurus*, I wou'd by my good will husband every moment to the best advantage: for this reason I scorn to take up Pleasure, as young Prodigals do Money, at fifty *per Cent.* Interest; and 'tis for this very reason that I abominate Drunkenness, the only Pander that can make you swallow intreaguing in common, because a man gives half an hours seeming satisfaction, and two or three days real sickness.

I am now arriv'd to the last part of my Indictment, where you play all your small shot at me, because I have thought fit to be particular with an Actress. Some of you pretend that such such a choice has more Vanity than Love in it. Admit it has, yet I shall never be asham'd to act upon so honest and so universal a principle. What first set up a Coach and six, but Vanity? My Lady might show herself to as much advantage in a Chariot and two; and if my Lord wou'd condescend now and then to bear the hooff, as his predecessors did before him, it wou'd not be the worse for his Honour's health. What introduc'd Perriwigs as big as Hay-cocks, when the Border, of venerable memory,

ry, wou'd have served the turn as well, or what justifies those Gigantick grievances called Com-modes, but variety? In short, what furnishes luxury, and sets off magnificence, what plunders every corner of the world, and puts us upon ransacking every Element, but this very same inspirer of all our motions, for which you wisely condemn me. You may rail at variety as long as you please, but I wou'd not give a farthing for a Woman, whom all the Town does not desire to lye with. For this reason I wou'd have her frequently seen by all the young fellows, and my self that enjoy her, pointed at in the streets, and envy'd by all that know me. This sets an edge upon a mans inclination, tho it flagg'd never so much before, and makes his Mistress still new and charming, because still desir'd by others. Indeed some of you are pleas'd to call the Play-house a Hot Bed. If this were any reproach, so are the Exchanges, and the Boarding Schools; and so, in short, is all *London*, and ten miles about it. I was in my passion going to say all the Island; and if I had said it, I think in my Conscience I had not been guilty of Scandal. After all, if the Play-house is a Hot Bed, so much the better: for I have a mortal aversion to coldness, and every thing that resembles it. But to expect Constancy from a She Player! I always thought them made of the same ingredients with the rest of their Sex,

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and

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and if they have not their Hypocrisie to answer for, I think 'tis a sign of their discretion at least. 'Tis an Article of my Creed, that no Woman is constant but she that finds it her Interest to be so. If that cannot keep my Damosel within due bounds I shall never break my heart for the matter.

And to conclude this Letter, if I must be cheated, which I am afraid is the case of us all, I had rather it shou'd be done by a Jew, from whom we expect it, and whose Profession it is, than by a sniveling precise Villain, that has a Text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

Your most humble Servant.

LET

LETTER XVII.

To his Mistress, that show'd his Letters
to his Rival. By Mr A---

YOUR barbarous and unjust usage of me has
had this good effect, tho I am not at all
oblig'd to you for it, as to make me a very
good Christian. I was in a fair way to commit
Idolatry, and to pay my adoration in a wrong
place, so far had a gay outside impos'd upon
me. But, Madam, you have absolutely cured
me of this superstitious blindness, and now I
can plainly discover the Fiend, where I imagin'd
a little before, that nothing but a Goddess in-
habited.

Since my eyes have been thus open'd, I can
look upon the fairest of your Sex, without find-
ing the least emotion in my heart, and the
most beautiful Woman of Heaven's making, af-
fects me no more than one of Sir Godfrey's.
Nay, in some respect the Copy may be said to
exceed the original. It has as fair and charming
an outside, but nothing of that vanity and im-
pertinence,

pertinence, nothing of that Hypocrisie, Malice, and Dissimulation, which make up the composition of the other.

I dare appeal to yourself, who are none of the most impartial Judges in the world, whether I ever said, or did, or writ one misbecoming thing to you. Passion, perhaps, which intoxicates no less than Wine, might betray one to some excesses, but still they were to your advantage, on which score you were oblig'd, if not to forgive them, yet at least to bury them in silence. I never approach'd you but with a sacred awe, and always represented a Divinity to my self, when ever I took Pen in Hand, to acquaint you with the sentiments of my Soul. If my incense was not of the first sort, (for I am humble enough to believe, that you might have receiv'd much better from a thousand other hands) yet the sincerity of him that offer'd it, ought to have cover'd him from your displeasure. Tho you dislike my flame, yet in common Charity you might have suffer'd it to expire in its own Urn. If you were resolv'd to punish it for aspiring so high, one single frown would have extinguish'd it, or at least secur'd you from being troubled with it any longer: but to divert yourself and my Rival at the expence of an unhappy Lover, who was then bleeding for you, to publish his infirmities only occasion'd by the violence of his passion, Oh thou downright Devil, I should say Woman, was cruel

cruel to the last degree; and such usage, that the worst of Princes never treated the worst of Subjects with. But Heaven be praised, it awaken'd every resentment about me, and in spite of my weakness, gave me courage enough to tear you from my heart, which you had so unjustly usurped.

But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Christian, so to shew that I am still in perfect charity with you, I hope, and that without any reserve, to see you marry'd to my Rival. Since your vanity takes such delight to be address'd, the very next day after the Priest has joyn'd your hands, may you receive more Letters from your pretended or real admirers, than are sent to a Secretary of State after the first discovery of a Plot. May you shew them to your Husband, in hopes he will challenge one of the Sparks and fall in your quarrel. May they have that effect as to Fly-blow him in the jealous side of his head, but may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting off a finger in the defence of your honour. Still may the Sparks persecute you with their Billets, and still may he think 'em to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly. In short, may he and you live long, exceeding long together, and may providence so influence all his actions, as to make him an instrument of doing Justice to you, and to the

Much Injur'd, J. S.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVIII.

From a Beau, dissuading his Brother
Beau to go to *Flanders*.

ALL the Chocolat-Houses at this end of the Town are exceedingly surpriz'd at the inhumane resolution thou hast taken of passing this Campaign in *Flanders*, and talk of going into Mourning for thee. Nay, wou'dst thou believe it, those brawny Insensibles the Chairmen take it to heart, and threaten to renounce Flip and All-Fours, since thou hast decreed to leave *England*. Prithee *I am* what have the Ladies done, that thou shou'dst be so cruel to them? or rather what unweildy sins hast thou committed, to be so barbarous to thy self? For my part, I look upon thee to be bewitch'd, for I cannot otherwise account for thy madness. Thou hast no Religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are Liberty and Property-Fools enough in the Nation without thee to help to encrease their numbers.

Lord! what will the degeneracy of this Age come to? That a Gentleman that understands
Dressing

Dressing to perfection, and has spent so many hours at *Locketts*, and the *Blue Posts*, to cultivate his Palat, shou'd ever be such a Sot, as in cold blood, and of his own true accord to visit that hellish Country, where the Burgo-masters and the Boors conspire between them to infect the very air with their Belches. Rot my Diaphragm if the nasty word has not polluted my Ink, so that I am forced to put some Orange Water into the Standish, to correct the unsavory smell. Really *Tam*, to think of the miseries thou must endure this Summer, is as bad as going up to the Monument. It has made me giddy, confound me else, and my head turns round like a Weather-cock. In the first place, to lye in a damn'd sneaking Tent, where you can scarce turn yourself round, with no Curtains to your Bed; nay, not so much as a Looking-glass in its lowest signification: then no other Pulvilio to scent your Perriwig, but the dust of the Plains and Gun-powder, and to stink worse of the latter, than *Cheapside* did formerly on a Lord Mayor's Day, upon those unrighteous things call'd Marches, no such convenience as a Chair to be got. For your comfort, *Tam*, you must walk through thick and thin with no Waiter behind you to clean your Shoes, among a herd of shirtless Rascals, that stink worse than Pole-cats. Oh let me think no more of them. Besides, 'tis a million to one, that walking thus in the Sun, will dignify your Face with some Pimples. Horrid and hide-

ous! the very thought of a Pimple has so discompos'd me, that feeling something itch in my Forehead—I must beg your pardon *Tam*—if being under the apprehensions of such a Disaster, I now and then make bold to consult that faithful Oracle my Glass—Heaven be prais'd 'tis not so bad with me— and yet what the Devil means that little spot of red —— 'Tis well 'tis no worse, I may thank my sitting for this—Dem it, to drink a whole pint of Claret at a sitting—Hell and Furies how it encreases—I would not have a Pimple *Tam* for the *Indies*—But 'tis gone after all, and I find my suspicions were in vain:

To come now *Tam* to the Field of Battle, those ill-bred whorson things call'd Bullets, are no respecters of persons. A pox on them, they observe no distinction between a fine Gentleman and a Dragoon. Perhaps it would not grieve a man to lose his life upon a good occasion, (I speak this by way of supposition only) but to survive the untimely fate of one's beloved Wig, to see one's embroider'd Coat mangled and hack'd, is enough to break the heart of *Hercules* if he were alive, and had a true sense of things. To dissuade you, if 'tis possible, from embarking in this pernicious affair, let me conjure you as a friend, to reflect upon Sir *John Foppington's* Case. About two months ago he put on a milk white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that evening in the Park: and to do Sir *John* justice, he never exerted

exerted the brightness of his imagination so much as he did upon the trimming of it. Coming by *Catherine Street*, a sawcy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat. I wonder *Tam*, by the by, that the Parliament never made a five mile Act to banish such prophane Villains out of all Corporations, as once they did the Dissenting Ministers. But so it happen'd as I tell you, and poor Sir *John* immediately went home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the agonies of a despairing sinner—Come Knight, says I, there's no harm I hope, prithee take courage and get up—Good Heavens! my Coat cry'd he—Why there's no danger, but it will recover and do well—Oh that confounded Chimney-Sweeper—Providence sent him to visit you for your Sins, Sir *John*—But what ill have I done to draw such a judgment upon me—The ways of Heaven, Sir *John*, are dark and mysterious. *Jack*—I never committed Murther nor Sacrilege in my life, why then should — So he run on for above six hours. All this while we endeavour'd to soften his calamity to him, by re-minding him of the inconstancy of human affairs. We refreshed his memory with stories of Kings deposed, and famous Monarchies subverted, but 'twas all in vain; he could not be perswaded to live, till the Scowrer had taken his Oath before a Justice of Peace, that the Coat was not a farthing the worse. Nay, this was not enough, the Taylor was sent for

for to confirm the Scowrers depofition; and the Woman of the Houfe, who faw him put it on in the morning, muft fwear as ſhe hopes to be fav'd that it was not in the leaſt injur'd.

If this melancholy inſtance, *Tam*, is not enough to deter you from your wicked reſolution, and you have no bowels of compaſſion for the iſſue of your own fancy, meaning your Cloaths; pray retire for a moment or two to your Cloſet, lay your hand upon your heart, and ask it coolly and ſoberly, how it would relifh that moſt extraordinary accompliſhment, a wooden Leg. Think what a decent figure you'll make in a Ladies Chamber, with ſo fine a qualification. Good Lard, a wooden Leg! 'Tis almoſt as charming as the Devil's Cloven Foot. A Lover made of Fleſh and Blood above, and of Timber below, what an odd compoſition is that! The *Minotaur* in the Fable, who was half Man and half Beaſt, was a Cherubim to him. Or *Tam*, if this does not mortify you, pray conſider that there are certain impudent things in an Army. call'd Guns, that without asking any queſtions, will demolifh a mans Noſe, or run away with one of his Arms, or carry off half his Teeth an Under-jaw, and yet there lies no action againſt them for it. Such bleſſings as theſe are to be had in *Flanders*, with due care and application; and *Tam*, you may ſee ſeveral Heroes about the Town who purchas'd them at no little expence of time and blood at *Steenkirk* and *Landen*. But, *Tam*, if you have any Gats in your Brains, you'll never long to make one of the number.

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Having mentioned the loss of Arms, Teeth, and Legs, without which, *Tam*, we can neither make our reverences with a good air, nor talk agreeably to the Ladies, nor perform our parts at a Ball. If this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in mind that you have another thing still to lose, and that is your life. For alas, *Tam*, what is life worth, when we have lost the only thing that maketh the trifle dear to us? As for me, confound my *glandula Pintalis*, if I am not of *Will Essence's* opinion, the greatest Genius that *Covent Garden* ever produc'd, for exquisite dressing, who us'd to say, for his part he knew not what a mans head was good for, but to hang his Hat or his Perriwig on, and that if it were put to his choice, he wou'd as soon lose that as any other part about him; that the chief end of man was to dress well; and death itself was not so formidable as a *Disfhabille*. But whether does this subject hurry me, or how came that sower monosyllable Death in our Pens way? Faith *Tam*, I dare trust my thoughts no longer with so melancholy a Theme. So hoping you'll be so kind to yourself, as to consider more of this matter. I am

Votre tres humble Servitude.

The Shoulder-knot Cabal meets to morrow night near *St James's*, to do a singular act of Justice, and to think of ways and means, how to restore those long neglected Ornaments. Your Company is expected there.

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A

LETTER

FROM A

Gentleman in the Country,

TO HIS

Friend in the CITY.

Leeds, Feb. the 2d.

I Have at last, with much Difficulty, procured you a Copy of the Character of a *Latitudinarian* Anatomiz'd, which you have so long, and with so much Importunity desired of me: All I can learn of the Paper is, that the Author Calculated it for the *Meridian of York,*

B

as

as I take it, (the Magistrate of which place in the Year 44, was a famous *Ambidexter*) and that it will equally serve for any Corporation within his Majesty's Dominions; but I will not detain you from it any longer.

A *Latitudinarian* is a walking *Amsterdam* of Religions, out of whom all the *Ancient* and *Modern Heresies* might be easily retrieved, though the Volumes of *Epiphanius* and *Ross* were lost. He thinks no part of a Church sacred but the *Weather-Cock*, and honours the Memory of him that Invented a Wind-mill, because it can *Grind* indifferently with *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*. He talks much of *Moderation*, yet is as hot as one of his own Custards, and as *Choleric* as a *Hasty-pudding*; he's as *Positive* in his own single Self, as an Assembly of splay-mouth'd Divines; *Geryon* and *Cerberus* were only *Types* of him, but though he has three Heads, viz. An *Independant*, a *Presbyterian*, and a *Church of England* Head, yet he has not *Brains* to furnish any one of them. By his *Wisdom* and *Gravity* one would think he had *Long Ears*, but 'tis certain he has none, for he is

is Deaf to the *Cries* of the *Poor*; and though he devours Widows and Orphans at a Morfell, yet he has no Bowels. His *Conscience* is as unaccountable as a *Modern Hypothesis*, which spares Cockleshells in *Noah's Flood*, and dissolves the hardest *Mettals*; for it starts at an *innocent Ceremony*, when it makes nothing to digest *Perjury* and *Oppression*. 'Tis impossible to frame an *Oath*, but what he'll readily Swallow to gratify his *Ambition*. He calls them *State Counters*, takes them for his Interest, and breaks them for his Convenience; he calls God to witness, and yet believes nothing of his Existence, like the Fellow in *Plautus's Amphitrio*, that Swears by *Herculès* before he was born. *Trade*, with him, is the *Law* and the *Prophets*, and, in opposition to the Text, he's resolved to serve *God* and *Mammon* together. Had he lived in the time of *Constantine*, he'd have gone to the *Christian Assemblies* one day to save his Bacon, and to the *Heathen Temples* the next to secure a Stake against a *Pagan Revolution*. The Men of *Gotham* are Registred for a pack of Fools, for endeavouring to hedge in a *Cuckow*. Is it not then a scurvy Reflection upon a

certain wise City's care for Religion, to pitch upon a Chameleon for its Head, who changes his Colour as often as he shifts his place? 'Tis pitty that our Laws, that Order so honourable a Reward for plurality of Wives, have not made the same wholesome provision against plurality of Religions. He rails at *Superstition*, and pretends to stand up for the *Primitive Church*; but though we read that the Apostles were Fishers, they were not Watermen, to look one way and row another.

He is very severe against the Bakers, and punishes them upon every Occasion; not for Cheats, for as such he honours them, but only to show his Skill in the History of the Bible, where he finds it was one of that Profession that first hanged the Gallows. He designs to adorn the Annals of his Government with something Extraordinary, and to purchase a Name as *Herostratus* did of old, by *Inflaming* the Church. *Stow* and *Hollinghead* that took such pains to describe Calves with six Legs, and all unnatural Births; if they had lived in our Age, What a strange Account would they

they have given of this Triple-headed Beast, that exceeds all the Monsters that ever were shown in *Bartholomew Fair*, that ever *Afric* or *Holland* produced?

When his Dullness is mounted on Horseback, he makes me think of some Ancient Coats of Arms, where the Supporters are of the same Species with the Beasts in the Scutcheon. If the City, to give another Instance of their Discretion, should chuse *Ball* to succeed his Master, as we find *Caligula* once design'd his Horse for the Consulship, I dare Engage for *Ball*, that he'll make the soberer Magistrate of the two; and after he has had his Belly full of Hay and Oats in the Morning, that he won't kick, and winch, and keep a pothor to be carried to Brewer's Grains, and Chopt Straw, in the Afternoon.

Whatever he may be to the rest of his Servants, his Cook leads a very easy Life with him, and has as little to do all the Year round as a Barber in *Muscovy*, a Lord Treasurer in *Scotland*,

land, or a Taylor under the *Line* where they all go Naked. He preaches up Temperance at his own Table, but is *Harpy* incarnate when he can Devour on Free-cost, and hates no Sins but those that are Expensive. He shews his Charity to the Poor, by providing Prison-room for them ; and for fear they should Dye of Surfeits, takes care to let them Blood with a Dog-whip.

In his own single Self, he out-does all the strange Changes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*. *Oedipus* himself, were he alive, could never unriddle him. The Satyr that quarrel'd with the Fellow in the Fable, for blowing Hot and Cold successively with the same Breath, What would he say to our Flea-bitten Magistrate, that can do both at the same Instant? If he varied his Body, as often as his Soul tacks about, no Taylor could fit this *Posture Clark* in Religion, but he that made a Manteau for the Moon. In vain he promotes a Reformation, who ought to begin it at home, and stands up for the Sabbath, which no one profanes like himself, for he Teaches more Atheisme by his Example, than all the Parsons

Parsons in the City can ever hope to preach down. He is of several Churches, but of no Religion, as we say of Hermaphrodites, that by being of both Sexes, they are indeed of none, and can neither conveniently receive Love, as Women, nor Act it vigorously, as Men. He pretends to hate Divisions, and yet encourages Schism, which he foolishly judges to be Expedient for the State, as the Women on the other side of the *Tweed* refuse to be cured of the Itch, because, forsooth, it is wholesome.

Nebuchadnezzar's Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay. Our Idol has a Skull as soft as Pap, to a Face of Brats, and Arms of Iron. Having mention'd Brass, commend me to that *Murus Abeneus* his Conscience, which has long since learnt the Trick *Nulla pallefcere Culpa*.

I wonder with what pretence he can punish Beggars, who is himself the most inexcusable Vagrant in the Three Kingdoms. If the *Pythagorean* System of Transmigration be true, the next remove his Soul makes must be into an Otter, or some such amphibious Animal, for one

single Element can never content him. He alters his Shapes according to the Company he is in, like those experienced Sharpers, who when they are at Court would pass for Good City Security, and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Interest at Court. When he thinks his Authority will bear him out, *Lucifer* is less Haughty and Absolute; at other times he's as Submissive and Humble, as a *Temple-Bar* Vintner in the Long Vacation. But who would not bestow a Cudgel upon this fawning Cur, that will leap over a Stick for the Pope's Nuncio, and next minute do the same for a Crop-ear'd Tub-drubber?

He goes to a Sermon with the same Intent, as the Prisoners in *Ludgate* go to the Grate; only to shew his Chain; or, as the Beaux go to a Play, not to Reform his Manners, but hear himself exposed. But though he sees Hypocrisy lashed every Sunday, he stands all the Fire the Parsons flash at him, like a Managed Horse: He's convinced that 'tis a Cowardly Scoundril Sin, yet he won't part with it, because it brings him

him in Gain : As I knew a Fellow once, that had Achés all over his Body, which punctually foretold all Changes in the Weather, yet could not be perswaded to be Cured, because he would not lose his *Almanack*, as he call'd it. Had this Linsey-wolsey Brother lived under the *Mosaical* Dispensation, how finely had he been trounc'd, for ploughing thus with an Ox and an Ass, and dividing himself so nicely between a *Cassock* and a *Cloak*. He revives the Story of *Penelope*, still Unravelling what he had done before, and Unlearning under one Teacher what he Learn'd under another.

The poor Cully in *Æsop*, with his two loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his Gray Hairs, till at last they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him. The different Churches he goes to will so Weed and Purge him by degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of Religion to cover his Nakedness. With him, as in the Creation of the World, the Evening still goes before the Morning ; for though he vouchsafes

saves his Morning to the *Eftablifh'd Church*, yet in his heart he's at the *Meeting*, and his Thoughts still run upon his Afternoon's *Extempore* Repast. Thus he is guilty of *Schifm*, even when he seems to Assist at the publick Service; like the Man that committed *Adultery* with his own Lawful Wife, by thinking on another. I never see him at the Cathedral, but he makes me think of an *Algerine* putting out *Christian* Colours. Indeed, if the Churches were shut up, something might be said for his going to the *Barn*, for even *Horse-flesh* we know was laudable Diet at the Siege of *London-derry*. If he does it for Variety, 'tis a sign he has a most wretched Palate. Who, but a Coxcomb would go to a *Farce* in *Smithfield*, when the Play-House is open? Who, that has Din'd at *Locket's*, wou'd afterwards Sup among Porters in a Celar in the *Strand*?

This last place puts me in mind of his extraordinary House-keeping, though so great a Gormondizer of Spiritual Food, which costs him nothing, yet very little will content him in his own Kitchen. By the power of good management, he can ex-

extract three Meals for himself and Family out of one single Shoulder of Mutton, which piece of Frugality he learn'd, I suppose, from the Story of the Welch Sherriff, that converted an old Cloak first into a Coat then a Waistcoat, and last of all into a pair of Breeches. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, purely to save his Money, would take a Coach that cost him Twelve Pence to be Trimm'd by a Two-penny *French Barber* in *Soho*. The City perhaps, with equal Discretion, chose him to Husband their Stock; but by starving the Poor, he has put the Parishes to such Charges in Burials, that they are not like to save any thing by him; unless as old *Chiron* was, both a Tutor and a Pad-nagg upon occasion to *Achilles*, so they make the Beast serve them in a double Capacity, that is to say, both as their Horse and their Magistrate.

I have been told of a Man that had a very bad Memory, so very treacherous and unfaithful, that if he had made an Assignment in the morning, he was sure to forget it long before the hour came. Well, says he, to prevent this for the future

ture, I am resolv'd to buy a *Memorandum-Book*, But what was he the better for it? He soon after forgot that he had bought any such Director to relieve his Memory. This is the Case of our *Latitudinarian*: When those of his Party are under Hatches, then all his Discourse runs upon Christian forbearance and Condescension, and never a Passage in the Old or New Testament escapes him, that makes for that purpose. But when they are mounted, and in the Saddle, the Tables are turn'd, and he lays about him like Thunder and Lightning, and forgets that Persecution is the Mark of *Antichrist*. 'Tis true, all the while he devours you, he cants of Moderation, and pretends he does it unwillingly, but this is only a Copy of his Countenance. He first tears you asunder, as the *Jews* did *Isaiah* of old, with the wooden Saw of a dull heavy Speech: But who wou'd not rather chuse to make a Breakfast for a generous Lion, than to be Eaten by a weeping Crocodile?

For my part I wonder that the Priests of the different Churches he repairs to, don't execute a piece of Military Discipline

pline upon him, and truss him up for a *Spy*. But I suppose hee keeps in with all, by telling them severally in a corner that each performs best; like the Harlot, in the Play, that was kept by three Gallants, and told each of them in private, that he was the Person that gave her the most Satisfaction. 'Tis next to a miracle to me, that the Priesthood, who are so sharp-sighted upon other Occasions, don't see through the thin Artifices of this bare-fac'd Impostor, and dart the Thunder of the Church upon a Wretch who pretends to be a Friend to all, and yet is an Enemy to the whole Tribe. I hope none of the Prophets have given it him under their hands, that 'tis no Sin to go to the Temple of *Rimmon*. But this present Contending between the several Perswasions to secure him to their Party, gives me a perfect Resemblance of an *Ant-hill*, where there is the same lugging, and tearing, and struggling about a dead Fly.

In short, our *Latitudinarian* is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his Clergy, though he pretends to
make

make his Court to all the various Sorts of them. 'Tis an unthinking Sor, that keeps the Streets cleaner than his own Conscience. At last, every Body finds out his Disguise, and despises him; and as several Cities formerly contend-
ed who gave Birth to *Homer*, so, in his ease, all *Churches* and *Congregations* strive who shall Disclaim him first. Though he has a middle Station here, he must not expect one in another World. *Lucifer* only can pay him the Wages of his Hypocrisy, in whose Clutches we leave him.

Your most humble Servant,

H. E.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Am informed that Dr. Otes has been very prolific of late, pray send me down all his Books by the Carrier, for I long to be opening his Magazine of Scandal.

Scandal. An honest Parson in the Neighbourhood calls him *Orestes*, because he's *Scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus*. Another applies this passage of *Horace* to him, *Ubi quid datur OT I illudo*, which he Interprets thus, *When any thing of Dr. Otes's Writing comes abroad, I fall a Laughing, and make my Self merry with it.*

F I N I S.